

# IN PRAISE OF STEVENSON

VINCENT STARRETT



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The Bookfellow Series  
Volume One

## In Praise of Stevenson



# In Praise of Stevenson

## An Anthology

Edited, with an Introduction  
and Notes, by

Vincent Starrett



CHICAGO  
THE BOOKFELLOWS  
1919

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To  
Walter M. Hill  
A Prince of Bookfellows



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## INTRODUCTION

R. L. S. . . . "These familiar initials are, I suppose, the best beloved in recent literature," wrote J. M. Barrie, in *Margaret Ogilvy*; "certainly they are the sweetest to me."

To this tribute, an overwhelming chorus has answered, "And to me!"

Indeed, in the long line of immortals, few have been rendered such universal and sincere homage as the lean Scotsman, whose courage no less than his genius has endeared him to all who love a brave tale and a brave man. But even genius which compels admiration seldom enough inspires love; and that Stevenson was — and is — loved, is beyond all dispute. The phenomenon, then, is born of the man himself, and the romantic colours of his life. His long quest after health, his unfailing cheerfulness and courage, his early and tragic death, and his remote yet triumphant tomb on Vaea top, fire the imagination like one of his own tales. His stories obviously are the man. Given health and strength, the invincible invalid would have lived them; failing that, he wrote them down in words of inimitable wonder.

An enormous literature has grown up around the name and fame of Louis Stevenson. Of late, there has been a critical tendency toward the apostate mood of Henley, on a famous occasion, but we may fairly suppose it to mark the inevitable reaction after years of tumultuous and not always judicious adulation. Henley's memorable article has done more good than harm, for, as Mr. J. A. Hammerton remarks, "it is salutary to remember that Stevenson was a little lower than the angels." The time certainly has come, however, when it may

be asserted that he was one of the best story-tellers who have written in our language. To his high narrative and dramatic faculty, he joined qualities of humour, insight, sympathy and style, rare among English story-writers of whatever rank. But the superficial judgment which sets him down as a story-teller is as narrow as that which would make of him merely a stylist, or that which finds his finest performance in his essays. I think no one as yet has ventured to remark that his genius reached its zenith in his poetry, graceful and delightful and poignant as much of it is, although it would be no surprise to learn that this, too, had been claimed for him. The truth is, he handled supremely well so wide a range of literary forms, that the commentator who blandly seeks to bestow the critical accolade on a single count only succeeds in making himself ridiculous. The proverbial pendulum still oscillates gently; when it shall have ceased to swing, Stevenson, I believe, will be found to occupy a loftier place than many critics now are willing to accord him, if somewhat lower than that forced upon him by unbridled enthusiasts. And, as now, with the uncritical many, who care not a jot one way or the other, he will still be Louis, the Beloved, "Tusitala, the Teller of Tales." Happy all who share this reckless enthusiasm!

Some notion of Stevenson's wide popularity, if additional evidence be necessary, is obtained from the number and the passion of tributes to him, both in his lifetime and since his death. Naturally, there are more of the latter than of the former. In the present compilation, I have attempted to collect in one set of covers, all the better known tributes in verse, and such other verses composed in his honour or around his fame as became accessible by diligent research; together with poems inspired by his writings, and other material that might fairly be included in this, I believe, the first anthology of the subject. The poems thus brought together are not of uniform excellence, but I venture to assert that in sympathy and sincerity the slightest is unsurpassed by the finest.

It has been interesting to note how Stevenson's philosophy of life has impressed and inspired many of the poets; notably that admirable doctrine, "To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive." And it has been keenly moving to realize how many, with the poet's vision, have seen (as how could they fail to see?) in certain of his own poems — so appallingly clairvoyant, it seems, now that he is dead — the tragedy and triumph of his life, and have felt the often whimsical resignation of the man in the face of Doom. His most fantastic thoughts were written, as it were, while Death stood behind the chair and chuckled. It is obvious, indeed, that life was for him the curious and grotesque spectacle he often made it, for the very reason that he viewed the merry-go-round from an invalid's chair.

The arrangement of poems is as nearly chronological as is possible from information at hand; and the labour of collecting, comparing and authenticating has been very truly a labour of love. While I have added yet another volume to the already considerable number which catalogue as Stevensoniana, I feel that no apology need be made for one more, so little of which is my own, so much of which is Stevenson's.

VINCENT STARRETT

## OVER THE SEA TO SKYE

*Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,  
Say, could that lad be I?  
Merry of soul he sailed on a day  
Over the sea to Skye.*

*Mull was astern, Egg on the port,  
Rum on the starboard bow;  
Glory of youth glowed in his soul:  
Where is that glory now?*

*Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,  
Say, could that lad be I?  
Merry of soul he sailed on a day  
Over the sea to Skye.*

*Give me again all that was there,  
Give me the sun that shone!  
Give me the eyes, give me the soul,  
Give me the lad that's gone!*

*Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,  
Say, could that lad be I?  
Merry of soul he sailed on a day  
Over the sea to Skye.*

*Billow and breeze, islands and seas,  
Mountains of rain and sun,  
All that was good, all that was fair,  
All that was me is gone.*

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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IN PRAISE OF STEVENSON



## APPARITION

Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeakably,  
Neat-footed and weak-fingered: in his face —  
Lean, large-boned, curved of beak, and touched with race,  
Bold-lipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the sea,  
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity —  
There shines a brilliant and romantic grace,  
A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace  
Of passion, impudence and energy.

Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,  
Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,  
Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist:  
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,  
Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,  
And something of the Shorter-Catechist.

— WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

## “KIDNAPPED”

A graphic story here you'll find by R. L. Stevenson.  
It beats the *Treasure Island* — or any he has done!  
From opening unto finish your attention's kept alive —  
The scene is laid in Scotland just after 'Forty-five —  
'Tis a tale of wild adventure most marvelously told,  
And cunningly the writer does his clever plot unfold:  
Throughout the narrative we find the author at his best,  
'Tis full of fights and bustle and of thrilling interest;  
The characters are drawn, you'll find, with most consummate  
skill,—  
A book you ought at once to read, and read at once you will!



## TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Because the way is long, and we may never  
Meet face to face this side the shadowed land ;  
Because — a thousand things ! — because the hand  
May seek in friendly, but in vain, endeavour  
Some dreamed-of clasp ; because, though seas may sever  
This kindred-seeking dust, there is no strand  
Too far for loving thoughts — spread wave or sand,  
For evermore, thought scorneth them for ever : —  
Therefore lest fate hold by her barrier still,  
No kindlier proving, hence, than in the past —  
Lest on that unknown bourn there is no meeting,—  
For thee, upon the tide of good and ill  
Which floods with ceaseless flow this world, I cast  
This waif : for thee, brave heart, my soul's best greeting.

— ROBERT BURNS WILSON

## TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

### ON HIS FIRST VISIT TO AMERICA

Robert Louis Stevenson!  
Blue the lift and braw the dawn  
O' yer comin' here amang  
Strangers wha hae luved ye lang!  
Strangers tae ye we maun be,  
Yet tae us ye're kenned a wee  
By the writin's ye hae done,  
Robert Louis Stevenson.

Syne ye've pit yer pen tae sic'  
Tales it stabbt us tae the quick —  
Whiles o' tropic isles an' seas  
An' o' gowden treesuries —  
Tales o' deid men's banes; an' tales  
Swete as sangs o' nightingales  
When the nune o' mirk's begun —  
Robert Louis Stevenson.

Sae we hail thee! nane the less  
For the "burr" that ye caress  
Wi' yer denty tongue o' Scots,  
Makin' words forget-me-nots  
O' yer bonnie braes that were  
Sung o' Burns the Poemer —  
And that later lavrock, one  
Robert Louis Stevenson.

— JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

TO R. L. S.

A Child,  
Curious and innocent,  
Slips from his Nurse, and rejoicing  
Loses himself in the Fair.

Thro' the jostle and din  
Wandering, he revels,  
Dreaming, desiring, possessing;  
Till, of a sudden  
Tired and afraid, he beholds  
The sordid assemblage  
Just as it is; and he runs  
With a sob to his Nurse  
(Lighting at last on him),  
And in her motherly bosom  
Cries him to sleep.

Thus thro' the World,  
Seeing and feeling and knowing,  
Goes Man: till at last,  
Tired of experience, he turns  
To the friendly and comforting breast  
Of the old nurse, Death.

— WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

## STEVENSON'S "UNDERWOODS"

"How do I like 'Underwoods'?"  
As I like all piquant foods,—  
Drupe and kernel, flavors, scents,  
Thorny thick and brake dispense;  
Scarlet haws and cherries black;  
Ground-nuts that of earth do smack;  
Sweet-birch browsings, sassafras;  
Strawberries in the sleekest grass;  
Sippings from the clover's horn,  
On a luscious dew-drowned morn;  
May-apples with jellied core,  
And the oaks' wild honey store.

How do I like "Underwoods"?  
As I like the flickering moods  
Sun and wind at evening rouse  
Elfishly among the boughs;  
Greening showers in fitful drops,  
Thrushes singing in the stops;  
Stars in day-time, spirit-keen,  
Up a glade's sky-window seen;  
Lonesome forest sounds unkenned,  
That would Grief or Fancy friend,  
Straying through the solitudes,—  
Thus do I like "Underwoods"!

— EDITH M. THOMAS

## DERELICT

### A REMINISCENCE OF "TREASURE ISLAND"

*Fifteen men on the dead man's chest —*

*Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!*

*Drink and the devil had done for the rest —*

*Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!*

*(Cap'n Billy Bones his song)*

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest —

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Drink and the devil had done for the rest —

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

The mate was fixed by the bos'n's pike,

The bos'n brained with a marlinpike,

And Cookey's throat was marked belike

It had been gripped

By fingers ten;

And there they lay,

All good dead men,

Like break-o'-day in a boozing-ken —

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of a whole ship's list —

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

All of 'em down from the devil's own fist —

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

The skipper lay with his nob in gore

Where the scullion's axe his cheek had shore —

And the scullion he was stabbed times four.

And there they lay,

And the soggy skies

Dripped all day long

In up-staring eyes —

At murk sunset and at foul sunrise —

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of 'em stiff and stark —

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Ten of the crew had the murder mark —

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

'Twas a cutlass swipe, or an ounce of lead,

Or a yawing hole in a battered head,

And the scuppers glut with a rotting red.

And there they lay —

Aye, damn my eyes! —

All lookouts clapped

On paradise —

All souls bound just contrariwise —

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of 'em good and true —

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Every man jack could ha' sailed with Old Pew —

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

There was chest on chest full of Spanish gold,

With a ton of plate in the middle hold,

And the cabins riot of stuff untold.

And they lay there

That had took the plum,

With sightless glare

And their lips struck dumb,

While we shared all by the rule of thumb —

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

*More was seen through the sternlight screen —*

*Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!*

*Chartings ondoubt where a woman had been —*

*Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!*

*A flimsy shift on a bunker cot,*

*With a thin dirk slot through the bosom spot*

*And the lace stiff-dry in a purplish blot.  
Or was she wench . . .  
Or some shuddering maid . . . ?  
That dared the knife  
And that took the blade!  
By God! She was stuff for a plucky jade —  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!*

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest —  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!  
Drink and the devil had done for the rest —  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!  
We wrapped 'em all in a mains'l tight,  
With twice ten turns of the hawser's bight,  
And we heaved 'em over and out of sight —  
With a yo-heave-ho!  
And a fare-you-well!  
And a sullen plunge  
In the sullen swell —  
Ten fathoms deep on the road to hell —  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

— YOUNG E. ALLISON

## A BALLAD OF JOHN SILVER

We were schooner-rigged and rakish, with a long and lissome hull,  
And we flew the pretty colours of the cross-bones and the skull ;  
We'd a big black Jolly Roger flapping grimly at the fore,  
And we sailed the Spanish Water in the happy days of yore.

We'd a long brass gun amidships, like a well-conducted ship,  
We had each a brace of pistols and a cutlass at the hip ;  
It's a point which tells against us, and a fact to be deplored,  
But we chased the goodly merchant-men and laid their ships  
aboard.

Then the dead men fouled the scuppers and the wounded filled  
the chains,  
And the paint-work all was spattered with other people's  
brains,  
She was boarded, she was looted, she was scuttled till she sank,  
And the pale survivors left us by the medium of the plank.

O ! then it was (while standing by the taffrail on the poop)  
We could hear the drowning folk lament the absent chicken-  
coop ;  
Then, having washed the blood away, we'd little else to do  
Than dance a quiet hornpipe as the old salts taught us to.

O ! the fiddle on the fo'c's'le, and the slapping naked soles,  
And the genial "Down the middle, Jake, and curtsey when she  
rolls !"  
With the silver seas around us and the pale moon overhead,  
And the lookout not a-looking and his pipe-bowl glowing red.



Ah! the pig-tailed, quidding pirates and the pretty pranks we  
played,  
All have since been put a stop-to by the naughty Board of  
Trade;  
The schooners and the merry crews are laid away to rest,  
A little south the sunset in the Islands of the Blest.

— JOHN MASEFIELD

## TO PROSPERO IN SAMOA

A world away in dreams we roam —  
The tempest howls, the lightnings fall;  
Slim rainbows span the leaping foam  
That shatters on your fortress wall;  
Yet forth to shipwreck would we go  
To be the guests of Prospero:

To join your court where glints the blue  
Through frets of lank banana fans —  
Mirandas, but of warmer hue,  
And other, lazier Calibans,  
And beaded Ariel-eyes that glow  
To list the tale of Prospero.

They stoop from sultry southern stars,  
They rise from yonder Peaceful Sea,  
The sprites you bind in mystic bars  
On Fancy's page, your thralls, as we.  
A dream! — we wake, and falling snow  
Hides Treasure Isle and Prospero.

Then flash us tidings of your weal!  
Bid Ariel tread the ocean floor,  
And fire-fed dragons, ribbed with steel,  
Rush treasure-freighted to our shore  
With tales of mingled mirth and woe,  
The magic scroll of Prospero!

— Y. Y.

## TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

*With Kirk's "Secret Commonwealth"*

O Louis! you that like them maist,  
Ye're far frae kelpie, wraith, and ghaist,  
And fairy dames, no unco chaste,  
    And haunted cell.  
Among a heathen clan ye're placed,  
    That kensna hell!

Ye hae nae heather, peat, nor birks,  
Nae trout in a' yer burnies lurks,  
There are nae bonny U. P. kirks,  
    An awfu' place!  
Nane kens the Covenant o' Works  
    Frae that o' Grace.

But whiles, maybe, to them ye'll read  
Blads o' the Covenanting creed,  
And while their pagan wames ye'll feed  
    On halesome parritch;  
And syne ye'll gar them learn a screed  
    O' the Shorter Carritch.

Yet thae uncovenanted shavers  
Hae rowth, ye say, o' clash and clavers  
O' gods and etins — auld wives' havers,  
    But their delight;  
The voice o' him that tells them quavers  
    Just wi' fair fright.

And ye might tell, ayont the faem,  
Thae Hieland clashes o' our hame  
To speak the truth, I takna shame

To half believe them ;  
And, stamped wi' *Tusitala's* name,  
They'll a' receive them.

And folk to come ayont the sea  
May hear the yowl o' the Banshie,  
And frae the water-kelpie flee,  
Ere a' things cease,—  
And island bairns may stolen be  
By the Folk o' Peace.

— ANDREW LANG

## BALLANT O' BALLANTRAE

TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

*Written in wet weather, this conveyed to the Master of Ballantrae a wrong idea of a very beautiful and charming place, with links, a river celebrated by Burns, good sea-fishing, and, on the river, a ruined castle at every turn of the stream. "Try Ballantrae" is a word of wisdom.*

Whan suthern wunds gar spindrift flee  
Abune the clachan, faddums hie,  
Whan for the cluds I canna see  
    The bonny lift,  
I'd fain indite an Ode to *thee*  
    Had I the gift!

Ken ye the coast o' wastland Ayr?  
Oh mon, it's unco bleak and bare!  
Ye daunder here, ye daunder there,  
    And mak' your moan,  
They've rain and wund eneuch to tear  
    The suthern cone!

Ye're seekin' sport! There's nane ava',  
Ye'll sit and glower ahint the wa'  
At bleesin' breakers till ye staw,  
    If that's yer wush;  
"There's aye the Stinchar." Hoot awa',  
    She wunna fush!

She wunna fush at ony gait,  
She's roarin' reid in wrathfu' spate;  
Maist like yer Kimmer when ye're late  
    Frae Girvan Fair!  
Forbye to speer for leave I'm blate  
    For fushin' there!

O Louis, you that writes in Scots,  
Ye're far awa' frae stirks and stots,  
Wi' drookit hurdies, tails in knots,  
An unco way!  
*My* mirth's like thorns aneth the pots  
In Ballantrae!

— ANDREW LANG

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF MR. STEVENSON'S  
*CATRIONA*

Glorious Sir Walter, Shakespeare's brother brain,  
Fortune's invincible victor-victim, Scott,  
Mere lettered fame, 'tis said, esteeming not,  
Save as it ministered to weightier gain,  
Had yet his roseate dream, though dreamed in vain;  
The dream that, crowning his terrestrial lot,  
A race of great and splendid heirs, begot  
Of his own loins, o'er Abbotsford should reign.

Fate spurned his wish, but promised, in amends,  
One mighty scion of his heart and mind:  
And where far isles the languid ocean fleck,—  
Flying the cold kiss of our northern wind,—  
Lo, the rare spirit through whom we hail as friends  
The immortal Highland maid and Alan Breck!

— WILLIAM WATSON

## TO TUSITALA IN VAILIMA

### I

Clearest voice in Britain's chorus,  
Tusitala!

Years ago, years four-and-twenty,  
Grey and cloudland drifted o'er us,  
When these ears first heard you talking,  
When these eyes first saw you smiling.  
Years of famine, years of plenty,  
Years of beckoning and beguiling,  
Years of yielding, shifting, baulking,—  
When the good ship "Clansman" bore us  
Round the spits of Tobermory,  
Glens of Voulain like a vision,  
Craggs of Knoidart, huge and hoary,—  
We had laughed in light derision,  
Had they told us, told the daring  
Tusitala,  
What the years' pale hands were bearing,—  
Years in stately dim division.

### II

Now the skies are pure above you,  
Tusitala;  
Feather'd trees bow down to love you;  
Perfum'd winds from shining waters  
Stir the sanguine-leav'd hibiscus  
That your kingdom's dusk-ey'd daughters  
Weave about their shining tresses;  
Dew-fed guavas drop their viscous  
Honey at the sun's caresses,  
Where eternal summer blesses  
Your ethereal musky highlands;—



Ah! but does your heart remember,  
Tusitala,  
Westward in our Scotch September,  
Blue against the pale sun's ember,—  
That low rim of faint long islands,  
Barren, granite-snouted nesses,  
Plunging in the dull'd Atlantic,  
Where beyond Tíree one guesses  
At the full tide, loud and frantic?

### III

By strange pathways God hath brought you,  
Tusitala,  
In strange webs of fortune caught you,  
Led you by strange moods and measures  
To this paradise of pleasures!  
And the body-guard that sought you  
To conduct you home to glory,—  
Dark the oriflammes they carried,  
In the mist their cohort tarried,—  
They were Languor, Pain, and Sorrow,  
Tusitala!

Scarcely we endured their story  
Trailing on from morn to morrow,  
Such the devious roads they led you,  
Such the error, such the vastness,  
Such the cloud that overspread you,  
Under the exile bow'd and banish'd,  
Lost, like Moses in the fastness,  
Till we almost deem'd you vanished.

# IV

Vanish'd? Ay, that's still the trouble,  
Tusitala.

Though your tropic isle rejoices,  
'Tis to us an Isle of Voices  
Hollow like the elfin double  
Cry of disembodied echoes,  
Or an owlet's wicked laughter,  
Or the cold and hornèd gecko's  
Croaking from a ruined rafter,—  
Voices these of things existing,  
Yet incessantly resisting  
Eyes and hands that follow after;  
You are circled, as by magic,  
In a surf-built palmy bubble,  
Tusitala;

Fate hath chosen, but the choice is  
Half delectable, half tragic,  
For we hear you speak, like Moses,  
And we greet you back, enchanted,  
But reply's no sooner granted,  
Than the rifted cloudland closes.

— EDMUND GOSSE

## GREETING

(TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, IN SAMOA)

We, pent in cities, prisoned in the mart,  
Can know you only as a man apart,  
But ever-present through your matchless art.

You have exchanged the old, familiar ways  
For isles, where, through the range of splendid days,  
Her treasure Nature lavishly displays.

There, by the gracious sweep of ampler seas,  
That swell responsive to the odorous breeze,  
You have the wine of Life, and we the lees!

You mark, perchance, within your island bowers,  
The slow departure of the languorous hours,  
And breathe the sweetness of the strange wild-flowers,

And everything your soul and sense delights —  
But in the solemn wonder of your nights,  
When Peace her message on the landscape writes;

When Ocean scarcely flecks her marge with foam —  
Your thoughts must sometimes from your island roam,  
To centre on the sober face of Home.

Though many a league of water rolls between  
The simple beauty of an English scene,  
From all these wilder charms your love may wean.

Some kindly sprite may bring you as a boon  
Sweets from the rose that crowns imperial June,  
Or reminiscence of the throstle's tune;

Yea, gladly grant you, with a generous hand,  
Far glimpses of the winding, wind-swept strand,  
The glens and mountains of your native land,

Until you hear the pipes upon the breeze —  
But wake unto the wild realities,  
The tangled forests and the boundless seas!

For lo! the moonless night has passed away,  
A sudden dawn dispels the shadows grey,  
The glad sea moves and hails the quickening day.

New life within the arbours of your fief  
Awakes the blossom, quivers in the leaf,  
And splendour flames upon the coral reef.

If such a prospect stimulate your art,  
More than our meadows where the shadows dart,  
More than the life which throbs in London's heart,

Then stay, encircled by your Southern bowers,  
And weave, amid the incense of the flowers,  
The skein of fair romance — the gain is ours!

— F. J. Cox

R. L. S.

Home is the sailor, home from sea :  
Her far-borne canvas furled,  
The ship pours shining on the quay  
The plunder of the world.

Home is the hunter from the hill :  
Fast in the boundless snare  
All flesh lies taken at his will  
And every fowl of air.

'Tis evening on the moorland free,  
The starlit wave is still :  
Home is the sailor from the sea,  
The hunter from the hill.

— A. E. HOUSMAN

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Why need we mourn his loss?  
His name is with the great;  
Close to the Southern Cross  
He sleeps in matchless state.

Softly the stars shall shower  
Their dewy brilliancies;  
And many a Southern flower  
Shall climb his grave to kiss.

Far down the murmuring river  
Shall join the murmuring surge;  
The haunted winds for ever  
Shall chant his mountain-dirge.

In darkness and in light,  
Until the Crack of Doom,  
The morning and the night  
Shall watch about his tomb.

High over field and fountain,  
Far in a place apart,  
He sleeps on Pala Mountain:  
He lives in every heart.

— JOHN DAVIDSON

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Wondrous as though a star with twofold light  
Should fill her lamp for either hemisphere,  
Piercing cold skies with scintillation clear  
While glowing on the sultry Southern night,  
Was miracle of him who could unite  
Pine and the purple harbour of the deer  
With palm-plumed islets that sequestered hear  
The far-off wave their zoning coral smite.

Still roars the surf, still bounds the herd, but where  
Is one to hear, and see, and tell again?  
As dancers pause on an arrested air  
Stand the fleet creatures of his fruitful brain  
In shade and sadness, dumb as the despair  
Of Britain mourning for her bard in vain.

— RICHARD GARNETT

# ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

## AN ELEGY

High on his Patmos of the Southern Seas  
Our northern dreamer sleeps,  
Strange stars above him, and above his grave  
Strange leaves and wings their tropic splendours wave,  
While, far beneath, mile after shimmering mile,  
The great Pacific, with its faery deeps,  
Smiles all day long its silken secret smile.

Son of a race nomadic, finding still  
Its home in regions furthest from its home,  
Ranging untired the borders of the world,  
And resting but to roam;  
Loved of his land, and making all his boast  
The birthright of the blood from which he came,  
Heir to those lights that guard the Scottish coast,  
And caring only for a filial fame;  
Proud, if a poet, he was Scotsman most,  
And bore a Scottish name.

Death, that long sought our poet, finds at last,  
Death, that pursued him over land and sea:  
Not his the flight of fear, the heart aghast  
With stony dread of immortality,  
He fled "not cowardly";  
Fled, as some captain, in whose shaping hand  
Lies the momentous fortunes of his land,  
Sheds not vainglorious blood upon the field,  
But dares to fly — yea! even dares to yield.  
Death! why at last he finds his treasure isle,  
And he the pirate of its hidden hoard;  
Life! 'twas the ship he sailed to seek it in,



And Death is but the pilot come aboard.  
Methinks I see him smile a boy's glad smile  
On maddened winds and waters, reefs unknown,  
As thunders in the sail the dread typhoon,  
And in the surf the shuddering timbers groan;  
Horror ahead, and Death beside the wheel:  
Then — spreading stillness of the broad lagoon,  
And lap of waters round the resting keel.

Strange Isle of Voices! must we ask in vain,  
In vain beseech and win no answering word,  
Save mocking echoes of our lonely pain  
From lonely hill and bird?  
Island beneath whose unrelenting coast,  
As though it never in the sun had been,  
The whole world's treasure lieth sunk and lost,  
Unsunned, unseen.  
For, either sunk beyond the diver's skill,  
There, fathoms deep, our gold is all arust,  
Or in that island it is hoarded still.  
Yea, some have said, within thy dreadful wall  
There is a folk that know not death at all,  
The loved we lost, the lost we love, are there.  
Will no kind voice make answer to our cry,  
Give to our aching hearts some little trust,  
Show how 'tis good to live, but best to die?  
Some voice that knows  
Whither the dead man goes:  
We hear his music from the other side,  
Maybe a little tapping on the door,  
'A something called, a something sighed —  
No more.  
O for some voice to valiantly declare  
The best news true!  
Then, Happy Island of the Happy Dead,

How gladly would we spread  
Impatient sails for you!

O vanished loveliness of flowers and faces,  
Treasure of hair, and great immortal eyes,  
Are there for these no safe and secret places?  
And is it true that beauty never dies?  
Soldiers and saints, haughty and lovely names,  
Women who set the whole wide world in flames,  
Poets who sang their passion to the skies,  
And lovers wild and wise:  
Fought they and prayed for some poor flitting gleam,  
Was all they loved and worshipped but a dream?  
Is Love a lie and fame indeed a breath,  
And is there no sure thing in life — but death?  
Or may it be, within that guarded shore,  
He meets Her now whom I shall meet no more  
Till kind Death fold me 'neath his shadowy wing:  
She whom within my heart I softly tell  
That he is dead whom once we loved so well,  
He, the immortal master whom I sing.

Immortal! Yea, dare we the word again,  
If aught remaineth of our mortal day,  
That which is written — shall it not remain?  
That which is sung, is it not built for aye?  
Faces must fade, for all their golden looks,  
Unless some poet them eternalize,  
Make live those golden looks in golden books;  
Death, soon or late, will quench the brightest eyes —  
'Tis only what is written never dies.  
Yea, memories that guard like sacred gold  
Some sainted face, they also must grow old,  
Pass and forget, and think — or darest thou not! —  
On all the beauty that is quite forgot.

Strange craft of words, strange magic of the pen,  
Whereby the dead still talk with living men;  
Whereby a sentence, in its trivial scope,  
May centre all we love and all we hope;  
And in a couplet, like a rosebud furled,  
Lie all the wistful wonder of the world.  
Old are the stars, and yet they still endure,  
Old are the flowers, yet never fail the spring:  
Why is the song that is so old so new,  
Known and yet strange each sweet small shape and hue?  
How may a poet thus for ever sing,  
Thus build his climbing music sweet and sure,  
As builds in stars and flowers the Eternal mind?  
Ah, Poet, that is yours to seek and find!  
Yea, yours that magisterial skill whereby  
God put all Heaven in a woman's eye,  
Nature's own mighty and mysterious art  
That knows to pack the whole within the part:  
The shell that hums the music of the sea,  
The little word big with Eternity,  
The cosmic rhythm in microcosmic things —  
One song the lark and one the planet sings,  
One kind heart beating warm in bird and tree —  
To hear it beat, who knew so well as he?

Virgil of prose! far distant is the day  
When at the mention of your heartfelt name  
Shall shake the head, and men, oblivious, say;  
“We know him not, this master, nor his fame.”  
Not for so swift forgetfulness you wrought,  
Day upon day, with rapt fastidious pen,  
Turning, like precious stones, with anxious thought,  
This word and that again and yet again,  
Seeking to match its meaning with the world;  
Nor to the morning stars gave ears attent,

That you, indeed, might ever dare to be  
With other praise than immortality  
Unworthily content.

Not while a boy still whistles on the earth,  
Not while a single human heart beats true,  
Not while Love lasts, and Honour, and the Brave,  
Has earth a grave,  
O well-beloved, for you!

— RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

## SCOTLAND'S LAMENT

Her hands about her brows are pressed,  
She goes upon her knees to pray,  
Her head is bowed upon her breast,  
And oh, she's sairly failed the day!

Her breast is old, it will not rise,  
Her tearless sobs in anguish choke,  
God put His finger on her eyes,  
And then it was her tears that spoke.

"I've ha'en o' brawer sons a flow.  
My Walter mair renown could win,  
And he that followed at the plough,  
But Louis was my Benjamin!

"Ye sons wha do your little best,  
Ye writing Scots, put by the pen,  
He's deid, the ane abune the rest,  
I winna look at write again!

"It's sune the leave their childhood drap,  
I've ill to ken them, gaen sae grey,  
But aye he climbed intil my lap,  
Or pu'd my coats to mak me play.

"He egged me on wi' mirth and prank,  
We hangit gowans on a string,  
We made the doakens walk the plank,  
We mairit snails withoot the ring.

" 'I'm auld,' I pant, 'sic ploys to mak,  
To games your mither shouldna stoup.'

‘You’re gey an’ auld,’ he cries me back,  
‘That’s for I like to gar you loup!’

“O’ thae bit ploys he made sic books,  
A’ mithers cam to watch us playing;  
I feigned no to heed their looks,  
But fine I kent what they was saying!

“At times I lent him for a game  
To north and south and east and west,  
But no for lang, he sune cam hame,  
For here it was he played the best.

“And when he had to cross the sea,  
He wouldna lat his een grow dim,  
He bravely dree’d his weird for me,  
I tried to do the same for him.

“Ahint his face his pain was sair,  
Ahint hers grat his waefu’ mither;  
We kent that we should meet nae mair,  
The ane saw easy thro’ the ither.

“For lang I’ve watched wi’ trem’ling lip,  
But Louis ne’er sin syne I’ve seen,  
The greedy island kept its grip,  
The cauldriif oceans rolled atween.

“He’s deid, the ane abune the rest,  
Oh, wae, the mither left alane!  
He’s deid, the ane I loo’ed the best,  
Oh, mayna I hae back my nain!”

Her breast is old, it will not rise,  
Her tearless sobs in anguish choke,

God put His finger on her eyes,  
It was her tears alone that spoke.

Now out the lights went stime by stime,  
The towns crept closer round the kirk,  
Now all the firths were smooed in rime,  
Lost winds went wailing thro' the mirk.

A star that shot across the night  
Struck fire on Pala's mourning head,  
And left for aye a steadfast light,  
By which the mother guards her dead.

"The lad was mine!" Erect she stands,  
No more by vain regrets oppress't,  
Once more her eyes are clear; her hands  
Are proudly crossed upon her breast.

— JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE



## HOME FROM THE HILL

*Home is the sailor, home from sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill. — R. L. S.*

Let the weary body lie  
Where he chose its grave,  
'Neath the wide and starry sky,  
By the Southern wave;  
While the island holds her trust  
And the hill keeps faith,  
Through the watches that divide  
The long night of death.

But the spirit, free from thrall,  
Now goes forth of these  
To its birthright, and inherits  
Other lands and seas:  
We shall find him when we seek him  
In an older home,—  
By the hills and streams of childhood  
'Tis his weird to roam.

In the fields and woods we hear him  
Laugh and sing and sigh;  
Or where by the Northern breakers  
Sea-birds troop and cry;  
Or where over lonely moorlands  
Winter winds fly fleet;  
Or by sunny graves he hearkens  
Voices low and sweet.

We have lost him, we have found him:  
Mother, he was fain  
Nimbly to retrace his footsteps;



Take his life again  
To the breast that first had warmed it,  
To the tried and true,—  
He has come, our well belovèd,  
Scotland, back to you!

— W. ROBERTSON NICOLL

I. M.

R. L. S.

(1850-1894)

O, Time and Change, they range and range  
From sunshine round to thunder! —  
They glance and go as the great winds blow,  
And the best of our dreams drive under:  
For Time and Change estrange, estrange —  
And, now they have looked and seen us,  
O, we that were dear we are all-too near  
With the thick of the world between us.

O, Death and Time, they chime and chime  
Like bells at sunset falling! —  
They end the song, they right the wrong.  
They set the echoes calling:  
For Death and Time bring on the prime  
Of God's own chosen weather,  
And we lie in the peace of the Great Release  
As once in the grass together.

— WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

R. L. S., IN MEMORIAM

An elfin wight as e'er from faeryland  
Came to us straight with favour in his eyes,  
Of wondrous seed that led him to the prize  
Of fancy, with the magic rod in hand.  
Ah, there in faeryland we saw him stand,  
As for a while he walked with smiles and sighs,  
Amongst us, finding still the gem that buys  
Delight and joy at genius's command.

And now thy place is empty : fare thee well ;  
Thou livest still in hearts that owe thee more  
Than gold can reckon ; for thy richer store  
Is of the good that with us aye must dwell.  
Farewell ; sleep sound on Vaea's windy shrine,  
While round the songsters join' their songs to thine.

— A. C. R.

VALEDICTION (R. L. S. 1894)

When from the vista of the Book I shrink,  
From lauded pens that earn ignoble wage  
Begetting nothing joyous, nothing sage,  
Nor keep with Shakespeare's use one golden link;  
When heavily my sanguine spirits sink  
To read too plain on each impostor page  
Only of kings the broken lineage,  
Well for my peace if then on thee I think,  
Louis: our priest of letters and our knight  
With whose familiar baldrick hope is girt,  
From whose young hands she hears the grail away  
All glad, all great! Truer because thou wert  
I am and must be, and in thy known light  
Go down to dust, content with this my day.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

Days are drooping, thought is dumb,  
Crept into a cave ;  
Winter terrors thickly come  
On the haunted wave :  
Light and delight have left  
What in their stead,  
Since the muses kneel about the bravely fallen head ?

Black and deadly clouds o'errush  
All our heaven in him :  
Power in many a boreal flush,  
Play of starry whim.  
Ere the king reed is cut,  
Ere the full strain,  
Lo, the fickle faun is gone ; the woods are bare again.

Who are truant to the North  
Chiding, can restore ?  
Which of cities, leaning forth,  
Touch him as before ?  
Where serried Cant effrays  
Art, as of old,  
Nevermore aloft that loved oriflamme of gold.

Would he might indeed delay  
While the onset lowers,  
Would he had not borne away  
Ardour his and ours.  
O song upon the march  
Elsewhither blown !  
The battle-dread is on us now, riding afield alone.

Wisdom, in the motley dressed,  
Wholesome as sunshine,

Poesy, that from her breast  
Strews the bay divine,  
These in no natal earth  
Fold him ; exiled  
With the wilder, gentler, he so gentle and so wild.

Aye asunder from his own  
Though Samoa keep  
One uplifted to her throne  
Of pellucid sleep,  
Winds that across the world  
Ride the sea-swell,  
Sign him with the tears of home, the chrism of farewell.

Was it menace from the dark,  
Was it body's fret,  
Early taught a patient barque  
Cruises sadder yet ?  
Or but some primal urge  
Greatly obeyed,  
Drew to the unfriended hearts the heart of mercy made ?

Where from water's blue outpost  
Lonely Beauty calls,  
Calls, and down the glowing coast  
Felt denial falls ;  
Where tern above the cloud  
Trooping, have heard  
From the Prince of Welcomes by, no glad saluting word ;

Where the slanted glens unbar  
Boldly to the gale,  
And aromas, loosed afar,  
Kiss the trader's sail ;  
Where over lava-fire  
Dances the vine,  
For a symbol perfected, thy sepulchre and shrine !

Memory like a rainbow stair  
Painted on the morn,  
Dearest name that on that prayer  
Christianly is borne,  
Soon to romance exhaled,  
Linger and live:  
Meed no purer unto man the childlike men can give.

Still the islands good to seek  
Rule in wonted mode;  
Let their bright surf-belted peak  
Still be thine abode!  
Grief of the loyal race  
Time shall retrieve,  
And all in airy legendry thy shining spirit weave.

To the bathers' wonder, oft  
As the night is nigh,  
And to babes beneath the soft  
Wings of lullaby  
(While we of dull unfaith,  
Thrall to our sighs,  
Dual dream to quicken thee and us may not devise),

There on summer's holy hills  
In illumined calms,  
Smile of TUSITALA thrills  
Thro' a thousand palms;  
There in rapture breaks  
Dawn on the seas,  
When TUSITALA from his shoon unbinds the Pleiades.

— LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

## IN MEMORIAM STEVENSON

Life's Angel shining sat in his high place  
To view the lands and waters of his globe ;  
A leaning Shape came through the fields of Space  
Stealthy, and touched the hem of his white robe.

The Angel turned : Brother, what ill brings thee  
Like thieving night to trespass on my day ?  
Yonder, Death answered him, I cannot see ;  
Yonder I take this star to light my way.

— OWEN WISTER



## TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

O sailor, sailing the Unfathomed Sea,  
What wind now speeds thee, and what star's thy guide?  
And what adventure worth thy bravery  
Calls with the lifting tide?

For thee the new coasts, gleaming, gleaming still,  
For us the hope, the plunge, the engulfing night.  
Oh, land! and set thy beacon on the Hill,  
Our pilot into Light!

— BRUCE PORTER

## A GRAVE IN SAMOA

The wild birds strangely call,  
And silent dawns and purple eves are here,  
Where Southern stars upon his grave look down,  
Calm-eyed and wondrous clear!

No strife his resting mars!  
And yet we deem far off from tropic steeps  
His spirit cleaves the pathway of the storm,  
Where dark Tantallon keeps.

For still in plaintive woe,  
By haunting mem'ry of his yearning led,  
The wave-worn Mother of the misty strand  
Mourns for his absent dead:

Ah! bear him gently home,  
To where Dunedin's streets are quaint and gray,  
And ruddy lights across the steaming rains  
Shine soft at close of day!

— JOHN MACFARLANE

## TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

There is naught that is new, saith the Preacher ;  
    Death is old,  
    Love is cold,  
And the hate of the gods for the creature  
    Waxes dull as the æons unfold.

Who shall find a new gem in the shingle,  
    Tempest driven,  
    Storm riven,  
Where the foams of the centuries mingle  
    And the seekers of jetsam have striven ?

He alone of the searchers, he only,  
    In the rift,  
    Of the drift,  
With torn hands, uncompanioned and lonely,  
    Could the pearls from the nothingness sift.

O finder of infinite treasure !  
    For the spoil  
    Of thy moil,  
Is it grateful, the respite of leisure  
    That comes with the surcease of toil ?

At rest are the tireless fingers  
    Which for us  
    From the dross  
Picked the marvelous beauty that lingers  
    But to tell us anew of our loss.

Sleep well in thy ocean bound island !  
    Sleep and rest  
    Clothe thy breast.

Blow gently, thou gale of the Highland,  
Sigh softly, thou Wind of the West.

Weep low o'er the bier of thy master,  
Salt breeze  
Of the seas,  
With the sound of thy sport or disaster,  
Disturb not his limitless ease.

God hath granted thy guerdon, my brother,  
And the head  
Cold and dead,  
Bears the mystical crown and none other,  
And the bays on thy coffin are spread.

And the tears and the prayers of a planet,  
That start  
From the heart,  
Reach over the distance and span it  
From us to the land where thou art.

— HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER VIELE

## A SAMOAN LAMENT

Groan and weep, O my heart in its sorrow!  
Alas for Tusitala, who rests in the forest!  
Aimlessly we wait, and sorrowing; will he again return?  
Lament, O Vailima! Waiting and ever waiting!  
Let us search and ask of the captains of ships,  
“Be not angry, but has not Tusitala come?”

Grieve, O my heart! I cannot bear to look on  
All the chiefs who are assembling.  
Alas, Tusitala, thou art not here!  
I look hither and thither, in vain, for thee.

— (NATIVE)

## A SEAMARK

A THRENODY FOR ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Cold, the dull cold! What ails the sun,  
And takes the heart out of the day?  
What makes the morning look so mean,  
The common so forlorn and gray?

The wintry city's granite heart  
Beats on in iron mockery,  
And like the roaming mountain rains,  
I hear the thresh of feet go by.

It is the lonely human surf  
Surging through alleys chill with grime,  
The muttering churning ceaseless floe  
Adrift out of the North of time.

Fades, it all fades! I only see  
The poster with its reds and blues,  
Bidding the heart stand still to take  
Its desolating stab of news.

That intimate and magic name:  
"Dead in Samoa" . . . Cry your cries,  
O city of the golden dome,  
Under the gray Atlantic skies!

But I have wander-biddings now.  
Far down the latitudes of sun,  
An island mountain of the sea,  
Piercing the green and rosy zone,

Goes up into the wondrous day.  
And there the brown-limbed island men

Are bearing up for burial,  
Within the sun's departing ken,

The master of the roving kind.  
And there where time will set no mark  
For his irrevocable rest,  
Under the spacious melting dark,

With all the nomad tented stars  
About him, they have laid him down  
Above the crumbling of the sea,  
Beyond the turmoil of renown.

O all you hearts about the world  
In whom the truant gypsy blood,  
Under the frost of this pale time,  
Sleeps like the daring sap and flood

That dream of April and reprieve!  
You whom the haunted vision drives,  
Incredulous of home and ease,  
Perfection's lovers all your lives!

You whom the wander-spirit loves  
To lead by some forgotten clue  
Forever vanishing beyond  
Horizon brinks forever new;

The road, unmarked, ordained, whereby  
Your brothers of the field and air  
Before you, faithful blind and glad,  
Emerged from chaos pair by pair;

The road whereby you too must come,  
In the unvexed and fabled years,

Into the country of your dream,  
With all your knowledge in arrears!

You who can never quite forget  
Your glimpse of Beauty as she passed,  
The well-head where her knee was pressed,  
The dew wherein her foot was cast;

O you who bid the paint and clay  
Be glorious when you are dead,  
And fit the plangent words in rhyme  
Where the dark secret lurks unsaid;

You brethren of the light-heart guild,  
The mystic fellowcraft of joy,  
Who tarry for the news of truth,  
And listen for some vast ahoy

Blown in from sea, who crowd the wharves  
With eager eyes that wait the ship  
Whose foreign tongue may fill the world  
With wondrous tales from lip to lip;

Our restless loved adventurer,  
On secret orders come to him,  
Has slipped his cable, cleared the reef,  
And melted on the white sea-rim.

O granite hills, go down in blue!  
And like green clouds in opal calms,  
You anchored islands of the main,  
Float up your loom of feathery palms!

For deep within your dales, where lies  
A valiant earthling stark and dumb,



This savage undiscerning heart  
Is with the silent chiefs who come

To mourn their kind and bear him gifts,—  
Who kiss his hand, and take his place,  
This last night he receives his friends,  
The journey-wonder on his face.

He “was not born for age.” Ah no,  
For everlasting youth is his!  
Part of the lyric of the earth  
With spring and leaf and blade he is.

’T will nevermore be April now  
But there will lurk a thought of him  
At the street corners, gay with flowers  
From rainy valleys purple-dim.

O chiefs, you do not mourn alone!  
In that Stern North where mystery broods,  
Our mother grief has many sons  
Bred in those iron solitudes.

It does not help them, to have laid  
Their coil of lightning under seas;  
They are as impotent as you  
To mend the loosened wrists and knees.

And yet how many a harvest night,  
When the great luminous meteors flare  
Along the trenches of the dusk,  
The men who dwell beneath the Bear,

Seeing those vagrants of the sky  
Float through the deep beyond their hark,

Like Arabs through the wastes of air,—  
A flash, a dream, from dark to dark,—

Must feel the solemn large surmise :  
By a dim vast and perilous way  
We sweep through undetermined time,  
Illumining this quench of clay,

A moment stanch'd, then forth again.  
Ah, not alone you climb the steep  
To set your loving burden down  
Against the mighty knees of sleep.

With you we hold the sombre faith  
Where creeds are sown like rain at sea ;  
And leave the loveliest child of earth  
To slumber where he longed to be.

His fathers lit the dangerous coast  
To steer the daring merchant home ;  
His courage lights the darkling port  
Where every sea-worn sail must come.

And since he was the type of all  
That strain in us which still must fare,  
The fleeting migrant of a day,  
Heart-high, outbound for elsewhere,

Now therefore, where the passing ships  
Hang on the edges of the noon,  
And Northern liners trail their smoke  
Across the rising yellow moon,

Bound for his home, with shuddering screw  
That beats its strength out into speed,

Until the pacing watch deseries  
On the sea-line a scarlet seed

Smoulder and kindle and set fire  
To the dark selvedge of the night,  
The deep blue tapestry of stars,  
Then sheet the dome in pearly light,

There in perpetual tides of day,  
Where men may praise him and deplore,  
The place of his lone grave shall be  
A seamark set forevermore,

High on a peak adrift with mist,  
And round whose bases, far beneath  
The snow-white wheeling tropic birds,  
The emerald dragon breaks his teeth.

— BLISS CARMAN

## ON BEING ASKED FOR A SONG

CONCERNING THE DEDICATION OF A MOUNTAIN IN SAMOA TO THE  
MEMORY OF STEVENSON

*A Letter to I. O. S.*

But, friend of mine,— and his,— I am afraid!  
How can I make a song  
When the true song is made!  
For this you say:  
Because that Tusitala loved the birds,  
They who named Tusitala (weaver of charmed words —  
Teller of Tales)  
Have given this mountain to the birds forever!  
There all day long  
Bright-plumaged island-birds make gay the dales,  
From off the sea the swift white bosun over the mountain sails,  
From many a large-leaved tree  
The gray dove cooes its low, insistent song.  
They shall be absent never —  
To show what love can be from man to man.  
Lovers of Birds and Poets — this is glory!  
It is a poem,— that which these Chiefs have done,—  
In memory of him, the only one.  
And yet our Tusitala could have sung again the pretty story—  
Alas, none other can!

— RICHARD WATSON GILDER

## IN MEMORIAM

R. L. STEVENSON

*The birds come and cry there, and twitter in the chimney,  
But I go for ever and come again no more.*

Mourn for the dead, departed  
With unreturning feet;  
The bright, the hero-hearted  
No comrade more shall greet;  
Mourn him whom shadows cover,  
Unstricken by the years;  
Mourn, Scotland, for thy lover,  
Nor stint his meed of tears.

Waft, O winds! our wailing  
Beyond the twilight verge;  
In sorrow unavailing  
Chant o'er his grave your dirge!  
Alack! The wand is broken,  
And mute the tragic tongue,  
Ere half the words were spoken,  
Or half the song was sung.

Oh, fair may be his pillow  
'Mid waters of the West,  
And blue the shining billow  
Round the haven of his rest!  
But ah! the rugged mountains  
And the tempests of the north  
Were dearer than the fountains  
Of the land that drew him forth.

How soft had been his sleeping  
Beneath his country's sod,  
Within the quiet keeping  
Of the acre green of God,

With the daisied turf for cover  
Where the drowsy shadows lie,  
And the throstle singing over,  
And the ash against the sky,

But though in vain his yearning  
For the land he shall not greet,  
And though no Spring, returning,  
Shall tempt his tarrying feet,  
Though few shall weep above him,  
Or wander by his shore,  
Here in the hearts that love him,  
His home is evermore.

— MARGARET ARMOUR

AT THE ROAD-HOUSE: IN MEMORY OF ROBERT  
LOUIS STEVENSON

You hearken, fellows? Turned aside  
Into the road-house of the past!  
The prince of vagabonds is gone  
To house among his peers at last.

The stainless gallant gentleman,  
So glad of life, he gave no trace,  
No hint he even once beheld  
The spectre peering in his face;

But gay and modest held the road,  
Nor feared the Shadow of the Dust;  
And saw the whole world rich with joy,  
As every valiant farer must.

I think that old and vasty inn  
Will have a welcome guest to-night,  
When Chaucer, breaking off some tale  
That fills his hearers with delight,

Shall lift up his demure brown eyes  
To bid the stranger in; and all  
Will turn to greet the one on whom  
The crystal lot was last to fall.

Keats of the more than mortal tongue  
Will take grave Milton by the sleeve  
To meet their kin, whose woven words  
Had elfish music in the weave.

Dear Lamb and excellent Montaigne,  
Sterne and the credible Defoe,

Borrow, De Quincey, the great Dean,  
The sturdy leisurist Thoreau;

The furtive soul whose dark romance,  
By ghostly door and haunted stair,  
Explored the dusty human heart  
And the forgotten garrets there;

The moralist it could not spoil,  
To hold an empire in his hands;  
Sir Walter, and the brood who sprang  
From Homer through a hundred lands,

Singers of songs on all men's lips,  
Tellers of tales in all men's ears,  
Movers of hearts that still must beat  
To sorrows feigned and fabled tears;

Horace and Omar, doubting still  
What mystery lurks beyond the seen,  
Yet blithe and reassured before  
That fine unvexed Virgilian mien;

These will companion him to-night,  
Beyond this iron wintry gloom,  
When Shakespeare and Cervantes bid  
The great joy-masters give him room.

No alien there in speech or mood,  
He will pass in, one traveller more;  
And portly Ben will smile to see  
The velvet jacket at the door.

— BLISS CARMAN



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Dear Friend, all love that love unanswered may  
I gave to thee,— my spirit leapt to thine.  
Lured by the spell of many a magic line,  
I joined thy fellowship and sailed away  
To golden isles, where rarest treasures lay.  
With thee, all night, I lay among the pine,  
'Mid dews and perfumes in the fresh starshine,  
Till darkness moved and thrilled with coming day.

And now thou liest lone on Vaea's height,  
The visions on thine eyes we may not know.  
I think of thee, awake, with keen delight,  
Hearing the forests wave, the grasses grow,  
The rush of spectral breakers far below,  
Through all the starry splendour of the night!  
— FREDERIC SMITH

ON A YOUTHFUL PORTRAIT OF ROBERT LOUIS  
STEVENSON

A face of youth mature ; a mouth of tender,  
Sad, human sympathy, yet something stoic  
In clasp of lips : wide eyes of calmest splendour,  
And brow serenely ample and heroic ; —  
The features — all — lit with a soul ideal . . .  
O visionary boy ! what were you seeing,  
What hearing, as you stood thus midst the real  
Ere yet one master-work of yours had being ?

Is it a foolish fancy that we humour —  
Investing daringly with life and spirit  
This youthful portrait of you ere one rumour  
Of your great future spoke that men might hear it ? —  
Is it a fancy, or your first of glories,  
That you were listening, and the camera drew you  
Hearing the voices of your untold stories  
And all your lovely poems calling to you ?

— JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

## THE WORD OF THE WATER

FOR THE UNVEILING OF THE STEVENSON FOUNTAIN IN  
SAN FRANCISCO

God made me simple from the first,  
And good to quench your body's thirst.  
Think you 'He has no ministers  
To glad that wayworn soul of yours?

Here by the thronging Golden Gate  
For thousands and for you I wait,  
Seeing adventurous sails unfurled  
For the four corners of the world.

Here passed one day, nor came again,  
A prince among the tribes of men.  
(For man, like me, is from his birth  
A vagabond upon the earth.)

Be thankful, friend, as you pass on,  
And pray for Louis Stevenson,  
That by whatever trail he fare  
He be refreshed in God's great care!

— BLISS CARMAN

## THE LAST PORTRAIT IN STEVENSON'S GALLERY

*St. Ives is a character who will be treasured up in the memory along with David Balfour and Alan Breck, even with D'Artagnan and the Musketeers.* — LONDON TIMES.

The tale is told : the story ends,  
The last of those attractive friends,  
Friends whose companionship we owe  
To that lost master of romance  
With whom we fought against the foe  
Or staked the desperate chance :

Since first we tasted the delights  
Of Florizel's adventurous nights,  
Or paced the "Hispaniola's" deck  
And wished John Silver far away,  
Or roamed the moors with Alan Breck,  
Or supped with Ballantrae.

Now bold St. Ives admittance craves  
Among these fascinating knaves ;  
With him from prison walls we leap,  
With him our hearts to wrath are stirred,  
With him we tremble, laugh, and weep,  
Until the final word.

The story ends : the tale is told,  
And though new books new friends may hold,  
Though Meredithians we may meet,  
Or Wessex lads with Wessex wives,  
That portrait gallery is complete  
In which we place St. Ives.

THE ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON MEMORIAL IN  
PORTSMOUTH SQUARE

“The smelting pot of the races,”  
You called our city of old,  
As we looked out through the Golden Gate  
Toward the Far East, tinged with gold.

From the South Seas came her cargoes,  
From Europe, and India's strand,  
While men from all the nations  
Flocked to the new-found land.

But the shrine of all our memories,  
Of the city that is no more,  
Is a golden galleon sailing  
Toward a distant, dreamy shore.

'Tis your golden ship of fancy,  
With those Christmas words below,  
Bearing all the love for human kind  
That a heart like yours could know.

— FRED WARNER CARPENTER

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Across Time's chart to lure man on, still rolls Life's sounding  
sea —

Its billows rushing mountain high — its wild winds blowing  
free ;

All ports are thine, dear mariner — though others name thee  
dead,

I sight thy pennants flying, and I know thy sails are spread.

— EMMA CARLETON

(INSCRIPTION)

“Robert Louis Stevenson lived in this house in the summer  
of 1868.

‘Not one quick beat of your warm heart  
Nor thought that came to you apart;  
Pleasure nor pity, love nor pain,  
Nor sorrow has gone by in vain.’ ”

## STEVENSON OF THE LETTERS

Long, hatchet face, black hair, and haunting gaze,  
That follows, as you move about the room,  
Ah! that is he who trod the darkening ways,  
And plucked the flowers upon the edge of doom.

The bright, sweet-scented flowers that star the road  
To death's dim dwelling, others heed them not,  
With sad eyes fixed upon that drear abode,  
Weeping, and wailing their unhappy lot.

But he went laughing down the shadowed way,  
The boy's heart leaping still within his breast,  
Weaving his garlands when his mood was gay,  
Mocking his sorrows with a solemn jest.

The high gods gave him wine to drink; a cup  
Of strong desire, of knowledge, and of pain;  
He set it to his lips and drank it up  
Smiling, then turned unto his flowers again.

These are the flowers of that immortal strain,  
Which, when the hand that plucked them drops and dies,  
Still keep their radiant beauty free from stain,  
And breathe their fragrance through the centuries.

— B. PAUL NEUMAN



“TUSITALA”

(R. L. S.)

Teller of Tales from the passionless North,  
True mate of the manifold brotherhood,  
Swept by the winds and the drift and the surge,  
Borne in on hearts that you understood,

Strong was your breath with the cry of the sea,  
Rife was your thought with the strife on the shore;  
Quick was your maid with her love for her love,  
Skilful your hand in the craft of your lore.

We know the tale of the hot, choking blood,  
We see the shadow — the scroll on the wall;  
We read the rhyme of the thorn in the rose,  
We greet the courage unflinching through all.

Stop't though your lips with the dust of our hills,  
Hark to the Wind-god astir on the wold;  
“Talofa lee!”<sup>1</sup> and the crags answer back,  
“His spirit still lives in the tales that he told.”  
— P. T. M.

<sup>1</sup> “Love to you Chief.” *A Samoan's greeting.*

## TO STEVENSON

Free from my plodding mind,  
Hugging myself for glee,  
Sometimes I ran with the wind,  
And sometimes he ran with me.  
"Straight away from the start," called he,  
"We'll keep the pace together!"  
He chuckled, whirling my soul away  
Into the shining weather.

Out in the silver air  
The laughter of waters rang:  
The broad blue heaven was bare,  
The cheerful forest sang,  
And in my heart upsprang  
Most blissful questioning — whether  
Your soul ran with mine and the wind's  
Into the jolly weather?

Meseems I heard you say  
"'Tis the tune to travel to,  
'Over the hills and far away,'  
With never an end in view."  
Surely the wind and I and you  
Are vagabonds together,  
On the road that leads both night and day  
Into the friendly weather.

— GRACE W. HAZARD

## A TOAST TO TUSITALA

Eight men sat at the board,  
From the West and the East they came ;  
And many and light were the toasts that night  
Till someone named a name.

“To Robert Louis!” Then all  
Stood up with a single mind ;  
And sober and brave was the toast they gave  
The prince of the roving kind.

“Silent and standing!” Ay,  
For the East and the West are one,  
And the loving man has the world for his clan,  
When all is said and done.

— BLISS CARMAN

TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Dear ghost,— whose ruddy presence needs must fling  
A ray of cheer among thy brother shades  
In your pale land of Sleep,— thy legacy  
The years make richer.

For the fellowship  
Of gallant souls who move down stirring ways  
Of blithe adventure; for the moods of dream  
That blossomed, at the conjuring call of Art,  
Into Life's festal flowers of Romance;  
For lyric interludes of Song, whose sound  
Comes in pathetic cadences; for words  
Apt, rare, and full of wisdom, touching deeps  
On deeps of human passion: for such gifts  
Surely the guerdon is love's long renown.

But most, O Comrade ours, we owe to thee  
For that brave gospel thou didst ever bring —  
Not pulpit-wise, but sweet as speech of birds:  
Courage and kindness and joy-of-life  
Even in its motley and keen-edged with pain;  
High spirit against evil, and the laugh  
Unbitter; and that indomitable belief  
In brotherhood. 'Twould shame us, looking on  
Thy struggle and thy triumph, should we play  
The craven; yea, thy present happy peace  
Heartens all laggards.

Therefore seems it meet  
To hail thee hero, fondly to recall  
Thy valiant days, thy victory over doom,—  
Child of delight and heir of loveliness,  
Great friend, whose followers would fain be true.

— RICHARD BURTON

## STEVENSON'S BIRTHDAY

“How I should like a birthday!” said the child,

“I have so few, and they so far apart.”

She spoke to Stevenson — the Master smiled —

“Mine is to-day; I would with all my heart  
That it were yours; too many years have I!  
Too swift they come, and all too swiftly fly.”

So by a formal deed he there conveyed

All right and title in his natal day,

To have and hold, to sell or give away,—

Then signed, and gave it to the little maid.

Joyful, yet fearing to believe too much,

She took the deed, but scarcely dared unfold.

Ah, liberal Genius! at whose potent touch

All common things shine with transmuted gold!

A day of Stevenson's will prove to be

Not part of Time, but Immortality.

— KATHERINE MILLER

R. L. S.: IN MEMORIAM

These to his memory. May the age arriving,  
As ours recall  
That bravest heart, that gay and gallant striving,  
That laurelled pall!

Blithe and rare spirit! We who later linger,  
By bleaker seas,  
Sigh for the touch of the Magician's finger,  
His golden keys!

— AUSTIN DOBSON

R. L. STEVENSON

With boyish shouts he cries out for the sea,  
With manhood's might he makes a clear-cut way,  
With womanly winning grace he lights the day,  
And round his feet we cluster breathlessly.

— CHARLES P. NETTLETON

## STEVENSON-NICHOLSON

In winter I sat up all night  
To think of grewsome things to write;  
In summer, quite the other way,  
I plucked some garden verse each day.

And does it not seem strange to you  
That Nicholson this picture drew?  
For though I'm dead, I am not half  
So dead as dear old Beggarstaff.

— C. DE FORNARO



## AT THE STEVENSON FOUNTAIN

(OLD PORTSMOUTH SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO)

Perhaps from out the thousands passing by —  
The city's hopeless lotos-eaters these,  
Blown from the four winds of the Seven Seas  
For common want to common company —  
Perhaps some one may lift a heavy eye  
And smile with freshening memories when he sees  
Those golden pennons bellying in the breeze  
And spread for ports where fair adventures lie.  
And oh, that such a one might stay a space  
And taste of sympathy till to his ears  
Might come a tale of him who knew the grace  
To suffer sweetly through the bitter years,  
To catch the smiles concealed in Fortune's face  
And draw contentment from a cup of tears!

— WALLACE IRWIN

TO R. L. S.

*Buried on the crest of Vaea Mountain, Samoa, December 4, 1894.*

Where the mist-spirits float their pennons gray  
On Vaea's gusty mountain crest, is he  
Keeping the bivouac of eternity  
Pavilioned like a god. Day after day  
He listens to the epic winds that stray  
Vagrant around the world; and birds that flee  
Across the vasty reaches of the sea  
Sing him the saga of their weary way.

Teller of tales, dear, venturous, yearning heart,  
Magician, rest upon your peak, apart  
From beaten paths and smoke and cities' towers,  
And dream new dreams, unbroken save only when  
The child-like, reverent, dark-skinned island men  
Pant up the steep cliff, laden with tropic flowers.

— CHARLES W. COLLINS

TO R. L. S.

*Written after reading, a second time, the posthumous fragment*  
“Weir of Hermiston.”

I never saw you, never grasped your hand,  
Nor wrote nor read lines absence loves to trace,  
Ne'er with you sate in your accustomed place,  
Nor waited for your coming on sea or land.  
But this I know, if along unseen strand,  
Or anywhere in God's eternal space,  
You heard my voice, or I beheld your face,  
That we should greet and both would understand.

So, till that hour, wherever you abide,  
On circling star or interstellar sea,  
Or where, from man's imagination free,  
There moves no planet and there sounds no tide,  
Welcome, as though from friend long known and tried,  
This gift of loving fellowship from me.

— ALFRED AUSTIN

THE BURIAL OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON  
AT SAMOA

*Where shall we lay you down to rest?  
Where will you sleep the very best?  
Mirthful and tender, dear and true —  
Where shall we find a grave for you?*

They thought of a spirit brave as light,  
And they bore him up to a lonely height,  
And they laid him there, where he loved to be,  
On a mountain gazing o'er the sea.

They thought of a soul aflood with song,  
And they buried him where, the summer long,  
Myriad birds his requiem sing,  
And the echoing woods about him ring.

They thought of a love that life redeems,  
Of a heart the home of perfect dreams,  
And they left him there, where the worlds aspire  
In the sunrise glow and the sunset fire!

— FLORENCE EARLE COATES

## ON A PORTRAIT OF "R. L. S." THE INVALID

Was't this poor dun, thin, sombre, tattered bird  
Once made so merry down Earth's every dale?  
Not by his coat, then, but the songs we heard,  
Let us remember now the Nightingale!

— ARTHUR STRINGER

## TO STEVENSON

Wanderer o'er life's inhospitable seas,  
With galleon sails to waft thee unto lands  
Of old romance, where jocund fancy stands,  
Luring sad hearts of youth, where tropic trees  
Rustle before the trade-wind's welcome breeze,  
And warm blue waves roll up on coral strands,  
Or, on the reef, with clapping of white hands;  
Teller of tales the world afar to please,  
Thy caravel sailed forth o'er chartless waves,  
But ere it left, a mighty far-off cry  
Reached o'er the sea,— the tardy world's acclaim:  
Hail and farewell to him who fearless braves  
The unresisting deep with spirit high,  
Bequeathing kindness, more prized than fame.

— CHARLES KEELER

## TUSITALA : TELLER OF TALES

Dweller in many lands, he sought the heights  
And laid him down to sleep  
Under the stars that, through the tropic nights,  
Burn in the purple deep.

There the first splendors of the dawning day  
Break o'er the sea's blue rim ;  
There the last glories of the sunset stay,  
As though they shone for him.

The white surf, far below, leaps high in air,  
The winds the palm-trees shake,  
The silvery rains sweep by — he is not there ;  
They call : he will not wake.

— MARY H. KROUT

## STEVENSON

His lyric soul like some sweet seraph came  
And burned with lustrous glamour for a while,  
Then pitifully paled and passed: the guile  
Of crafty art could neither chill nor tame  
His glad alluring fancy, and his name  
Hints of rare tales that bring the tear or smile,  
Wrought with the fluency of magic style  
And with the splendour of the oriflame:  
I read his books as one may read the skies  
That show protean forms and colours blent  
By some transfiguring and translating chance,  
And then I seem to look on life with eyes  
Grown large and lucent, full of bland assent  
To all the wands and wonders of romance.

Whether upon some strange isle of the sea,  
Where eager daring seeks its treasure-trove,  
Or in some placid and umbrageous cove  
Where ships lie safe when bitter winds blow free,  
And where wild birds may whistle all their glee  
Through the cool shadows of a southern grove;  
Whether in deep gray glooms where phantoms rove,  
And at some harsh intruding footstep flee,—  
He guides us with the genius of the gnome,  
That laughs at common mortals who can know  
Nothing of fairy loves and subtle flights:  
And thus we wander with him through the gloam  
Of haunted summers or where starshines flow  
Through spectral cloisters in Arabian nights.

— GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY



Within the circle of the Fabled Sea,  
Where golden galleons once ploughed their way,  
He dwelt in exile; here with Princely sway  
He ruled a realm of brave Romance, which he  
Begot with wizard pen. 'Twas not to be  
Again to roam his Scottish moorlands gray,  
Nor wear the garlands won till close of day;  
Yet, to the end, he smiled at Fate's decree,  
And, smiling, drew new magic from the West  
To charm the stranger's ear. Now memory hath  
Communion aye with him where he was guest  
In many a star-girt Isle, until the path  
He trode, with manly patience yet with pain,  
Reminds us how his exile was our gain.

— ARTHUR JOHNSTONE

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

In his old gusty garden of the North,  
He heard lark-time the uplifting Voices call;  
Smitten through with Voices was the evenfall —  
At last they drove him forth.

Now there were two rang silverly and long;  
And of Romance, that spirit of the sun,  
And of Romance, spirit of youth, was one;  
And one was that of Song.

Gold-belted sailors, bristling buccaneers,  
The flashing soldier, and the high, slim dame,  
These were the Shapes that all around him came,—  
That we let go with tears.

His was the unstinted English of the Scot,  
Clear, nimble, with the scriptural tang of Knox  
Thrust through it like the far, strict scent of box,  
To keep it unforgot.

No frugal Realist, but quick to laugh,  
To see appealing things in all he knew,  
He plucked the sun-sweet corn his fathers grew,  
And would have naught of chaff.

David and Keats, and all good singing men,  
Take to your hearts this Covenanter's son,  
Gone in mid-years, leaving our years undone,  
Where you do sing again!

— LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

## THOUGHT OF STEVENSON

High and alone I stood on Calton Hill  
Above the scene that was so dear to him,  
Whose exile dreams of it made exile dim.  
October wooed the folded valleys till  
In mist they blurred, even as our eyes upfill  
Under a too-sweet memory ; spires did swim,  
And gables rust-red, on the grey sea's brim —  
But on these heights the air was soft and still.

Yet not all still : an alien breeze will turn  
Here, as from bournes in aromatic seas,  
As round old shrines a new-freed soul might yearn  
With incense of rich earthly reveries.  
Vanish the isles : Mist, exile, searching pain,  
But the brave soul is free, is home again !

— ARTHUR UPSON

## LEGEND OF PORTSMOUTH SQUARE

Oh, the little bronze ship at the anchor chain tugs  
And the light on the bright sails gleams,  
In the moonshine and mist it is headed southwest  
For a cruise on the sea of dreams.  
All deserted the anchorage place in the square,  
There are none who may look at it now;  
With a brave off-shore wind that is warning behind  
It is churning the foam with its prow.

With a queer phantom crew it is off on the blue,  
And the blocks in the rigging ring,  
When the wraith voices rise to the tropical skies  
And this is the song that they sing:  
"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!  
Drink and the devil had done with the rest,  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"

There is Morgan, and Merry, and savage Long John  
With his crutch, on the little bronze ship,  
And old Smollett, the Skipper, is shaking his head,  
As he thinks of that other trip;  
And the oracle parrot, the sage Captain Flint,  
Still is chatt'ring of bloodshed and wreck.  
With his big dreamy eyes staring up at the skies,  
See, the master is pacing the deck.

There are doubloons and loot, there is battle to boot,  
Ere they ever return to their port;  
With a rhythmical swing now the crew's voices ring  
In a song of a gruesome sort:  
"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Drink and the devil had done with the rest,  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"

Oh, the little bronze ship has returned to its place  
To the stone by the poplar trees,  
And the little bronze sails though they gleam in the sun  
Will not answer the morning breeze.  
Now the ghost song has died on the pale phantom lips,  
And gone are the mast and the men,  
And the little bronze ship is back safe from the trip  
Till it goes on a cruise again.

There it lies through the day, till the noise dies away  
And the moonshine is soft on the square:  
Then its queer phantom crew take it out on the blue  
And their chanty rings weird on the air:  
"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!  
Drink and the devil had done with the rest,  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum."

— W. O. MCGEEHAM

## TOASTS IN A LIBRARY

I raise my glass (Carthusian brew,  
And pure the emerald shines),  
A sip to thee, my Rabelais —  
The wisest of divines.

But lest thy genial earthly soul  
Should claim too much of me,  
I turn to him who to the Lark  
Gave his own extacy.

A subtle drink and delicate  
One owes to Thomas Browne,  
And noble port when Gibbon hands  
Sonorous wisdom down.

For thee, suave Horace, unperplexed,  
Well-bred, well-nourished man,  
I would unstop an amphora  
Of thy Falernian.

I name them not (too great to name)  
The choice Hellenic Few,  
I drink in silence piously:  
Then turn I, friend, to you.<sup>1</sup>

O, smiling soul, that craved the sun,  
Yet ample suffering bore,  
This be your praise: "He loved art much,  
But men and nature more."

<sup>1</sup> R. L. S.

Rest, oh thou restless angel, rest at last,  
High on thy mountain peak that caps the waves;  
Anguish no more thy delicate soul enslaves,  
Dream-clouds no more thy slumber overcast.  
Adventurous angel, fold thy wings! The vast  
Pacific forest, with its architraves,  
The stillness of its long liana'd naves,  
Involves thee in a silence of times past.

Thou whom we loved, a child of sportive whim,  
So fair to play with, comfort, thrill or chide,  
Art grown as ancient as thine island gods,  
As mystic as the menacing seraphim,  
As grim as priests upon a red hill-side,  
Or lictors shouldering high their sheaves of rods.

— EDMUND GOSSE

## PARAPHRASE

*To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive. — R. L. S.*

Better the pilgrim's staff, the cheerful song,  
The distant hills to beckon us along,  
A free highway and the wide sky above,  
The foot to travel and the heart to love,  
Youth's eager fancies and the morning light,  
Than the high festival of crowning night.

So long our vision shines, our hopes befriend,  
Better the journey than the journey's end.  
The cozy resting place that shines ahead,  
Is not so blessed as the step we tread.  
Better a mountain streamlet in the sun,  
Than the still pool with all our journeyings done.

Better the toil and stress, though spent in vain,  
Than the brief joys we labour to obtain.  
The flowers we stop to gather by the way  
Before our journey's end are thrown away,  
But all the joy of search and sight is ours,  
That shall go with us tho' we lose the flowers.

Thrice happy he who learns the truth I tell,  
He shall arrive at last, and all be well.

— FREDERIC SMITH



R. L. S.

ON READING "TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY IN THE CEVENNES"

How sweet the ways when we poor mortals stray  
When, with enlightened eyes unveiled we see  
Earth's wondrous beauty and her mystery!  
Nature revealed, a living thing alway,  
Alert in listening night or bountiful day,  
Moves to our mood with finest sympathy,  
With watchful service sets our spirits free,  
Sings in our joy or weeps our tears away.

Surely the fault is ours, so long we rest  
Content with darkened vision at the gate,  
When we might stand within, in reverence drest,  
With sense refined, with subtle joy elate,  
In that hushed portal where such wonders wait  
As they may see whom God hath fitly blest!

— FREDERIC SMITH

## “TREASURE ISLAND”

Comes little lady, a book in hand,  
A light in her eyes that I understand,  
And her cheeks aglow from the faery breeze  
That sweeps across the uncharted seas.  
She gives me the book, and her word of praise  
A ton of critical thought outweighs:  
“I’ve finished it, Daddie!” — a sigh thereat.  
“Are there any more books in the world like that?”

No, little lady, I grieve to say  
That of all the books in the world today  
There’s not another that’s quite the same  
As this magic book with the magic name.  
Volumes there be that are pure delight,  
Ancient and yellowed or new and bright;  
But — little and thin, or big and fat —  
There are no more books in the world like that.

And what, little lady, would I not give  
For the wonderful world in which you live!  
What have I gathered one-half as true  
As the tales Titania whispers you?  
Ah, late we learn that the only truth  
Was that which we found in the Book of Youth.  
Profitless others, and stale, and flat; —  
There are no more books in the world like that.

— BERT LESTON TAYLOR

## TREASURE ISLAND

A lover breeze to the roses pleaded,  
Failed and faltered, took heart and advanced;  
Up over the beaches, unimpeded,  
A great Red Admiral ducked and danced;  
But the boy with the book saw not, nor heeded,  
Reading entranced — entranced!

He read, nor knew that the brown bees bumbled;  
He woke no whit to the tea bell's touch,  
The drowsy pigeons that wheeled and tumbled,  
(But how should a pirate reck of such?)  
He read, and the flaming flower-beds crumbled  
At the tap of the sea-cook's crutch!

And lo, there leapt for him dolphins running  
The peacock seas of the buccaneer,  
Lean, savage reefs where the seals lay sunning,  
The curve of canvas, the creak of gear;  
For ever the Master's wondrous cunning  
Lent him of wizard lear!

But lost are the flowerful days of leisure,  
Lost with their wide-eyed ten-year-old  
Yet if you'd move to a bygone measure,  
Or shape your heart to an ancient mould,  
Maroons and schooners and buried treasure  
Wrought on a page of gold —

Then take the book in the dingy binding:  
Still the shadows come, bearded, great;  
And swaggering files of sea-thieves winding  
Back, with their ruffling cut-throat gait,  
Reclaim an hour when we first went finding  
Pieces of Eight — of Eight!

— PATRICK CHALMERS

THE OLD VAQUERO REMEMBERS ROBERT LOUIS  
STEVENSON

Though I live to the age of eagles,  
And the winds shall blow through me like a net,  
One day from the rest I shall not forget  
Though I live to the age of eagles,  
But remember, and guard more than treasures of gold;  
Though the winds shall blow through me like a net,  
And I am shaken by wind and cold.

— REGINALD ROGERS

## AT THE ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON FOUNTAIN

He was a princely vagabond,  
A restless rover from his birth,  
An alien lodger for the night  
In this old wayside inn of earth.

A simple-hearted wayfarer,  
With spring and summer in his breast,  
A comrade of the roving foot,  
And fevered of the great unrest,

Who now hath fared on trails beyond  
The range marked by the cobalt rim  
Of sordid things — beyond the pale  
Of horizons forever dim —

A nomad, safe at last within  
The world-old harbor gates of time,  
The master, whose blithe feet once strayed  
Among the hills of prose and rhyme.

To think that once upon a time,  
In ragged luck, he passed this way,  
That his eyes, too, once followed far  
The scudding sails across the Bay ;

That he, too, saw the plume of smoke  
That marks the outbound steamer's trail,  
That he, too, heard the winches creak,  
And saw the cargoes, bale on bale,

Fed to the yawning maws of ships —  
The coursers of the seven seas,  
That strain, like hounds, upon the leash,  
Impatient to be down the breeze.

This ground whereon the fountain plays  
Shall sacred be against the years,  
Shall hallowed be — since he has passed  
To the Valhalla of his peers.

And here shall be nor East nor West ;  
For all the trails shall blend as one,  
And men shall come from all the world  
To drink to Louis Stevenson.

— JOHN NORTHERN HILLIARD

## LONG JOHN SILVER

There is no rhyme for you, John, poets say —  
No rhyme for Silver, queer as that may be;  
And yet, for that you've been so much to me,  
I'll put you in a sonnet, anyway.  
Ah, what a scoundrel were you in that day  
When buccaneer and pirate sailed the sea!  
Your hand was ever on your snickersnee,  
Itching to meet somebody it might slay. . .

Whimsical villain! Winsome mutineer!  
Although you've caused my hair to stand erect,  
While reading of your devil's doings when  
You taught Jim Hawkins what a thing was Fear,  
I love you. . . But may all good saints protect  
*Me* from the wiles of wooden-legged men!

— VINCENT STARRETT

TO R. L. S.

A wandering singer through the realm of dreams,  
He tuned his pipe to Life's brief-voicéd song,  
And danced adown a pathway lit with gleams  
Of fortitude and resignation born.  
No comrade spirit knew his staunch heart's pain  
Nor saw his footsteps lag, nor heard a sigh —  
We only knew a sweetness naught could maim,  
As hand in hand with Courage he passed by.  
He breathed upon life's truths with magic, rare,  
Until they took the beauty from his soul,  
Or wrought fact into romance — Oh, so fair!  
With artistry beyond the common goal.  
So with blessed labor, finding Life's face grey,  
He smiled, and charmed the haunting hours away.

— R. R. GREENWOOD



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

He sings for youth, the passionate and sad,  
Youth that despairs and triumphs and is blind;  
And ever through the singing, clean and glad,  
The keen cool moorland runs, and the north wind.

A starkness and a fierceness and a pride  
That still defies the night, and with caught breath  
Cries hope — tho louder, not to be denied,  
The sullen trumpets of the court of death

Peal through the page with strong, insistent surge  
And ever is the blackness tenanted:  
Somewhere far off, a song rings like a dirge,  
And a veiled King stands by the poet's head.

— ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

How often have I sat beneath thy spell,  
O Sorcerer, who feared nor death nor hell!  
But, like thine own bird "singing in the rain,"  
Thy voice comes true and clear above thy pain.  
O wanderer, whose lips made no complaint!  
Brave exile, fighting on, though weak and faint;  
No notes of coward fear you ever sang;  
Your tones with vibrant hope and courage rang.  
And we, who read thy messages today,  
Gather fresh strength to pass upon our way.  
Sleep on, sweet soul, beneath the Southern Cross;  
Ours is the gain, Samoa's is the loss!

— EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY

## FRIEND O' MINE

When first I met you, you were dead, while I  
Had scarce begun to live. And where we met  
Was on some far-blown island where the shores  
Upon an opal sea, reef-clutched, were set.

You were a man while I was yet a boy;  
But, friend o' mine, were we not boys together?  
Had we not jeered the gales at Stornaway  
And made the Sound o' Mull in stormy weather?

Did we not watch the seagull dare the foam,  
Dip to the wave, fleck it and scream its scorn?  
Did we not say: "There goes a sailor's wraith!  
Where was he drowned? I'll wager off the Horn."

In boyish dreams did we not often view  
The sea-hewn cave as where a baresark leered —  
Long-haired and gaunt and foaming at the mouth,  
Grinding his teeth till blood ran down his beard?

Did we not tread the snowbound wilderness,  
Bearing in turn our common sorrow's pack?  
Did we not hear the grinding mills of God  
And make that bitter camp by Saranac?

Did we not watch the South Sea palms at dusk?  
By morn, at sea, the flying-fish at play?  
Did we not swear again that we were friends  
As from our sheering copper burst the spray?

And had we not a circle of strange friends,—  
Rough seaman, polished prince and tattered tramp?  
Ah, in those days what stirring tales were passed  
By galley fire, peat hearth and gypsy camp!

Ay, we were boys together — comrades still

In the glamorous hours of dusk that (you know!) lend  
Fine dreams to finer fellows — There's my hand,  
Mine own, familiar friend!

— STEPHEN CHALMERS

## THE DEATH OF FLINT

(Said the fellow with the bandage: “. . . Dear heart, but he died bad, did Flint.” — TREASURE ISLAND.)

Of the seven that day as sailed away  
To bury the pirate's hoard,  
With a godless grin on his blue-black chin  
Just Flint returned aboard.  
His cock-eye twitched and luffed askew  
As he croaked by the cabin door:  
“'T will go under the sod with me, b' God!  
Then I'll beat up Hell for more!”

Oh, well I remember how hard he died,  
That night on Savannah coast;  
How he shot three men and took Billy Bones  
For an honest trader's ghost.  
We darsn't go near, but we heard him sing,  
An' the bottles go smash and crash,  
As he fought wi' the devils as clung to his throat,  
An' cursed 'em for lubber trash!

He fought an' he fumed, an' he cursed an' he swore,  
An' raved o'er his buried pile,  
Singin', “*Fifteen men on the dead man's chest,*”  
An' a-soakin' up rum the while.  
An' he yo-ho-ho'd, an' he stabbed the air,  
An' he strangled the tangled bed,  
An' he cracked the wall wi' a blow o' his fist,  
An' laughed — *his* laugh — and was dead!

He was blue wi' the rum that had fouled his hawse —  
(Oh, an ugly devil was Flint!)  
We could hardly believe as he'd come to port,  
For his eye had the same old squint.  
When we laid him out snug in the hole we dug,

We was feared he would open his jaw,  
An' sit up an' yell: "Flint dead? To Hell!  
*Fetch aft the rum, M'Graw!"*

But come! Are ye scared? He's a grinnin' stiff,  
Deep-buried Savannah way.  
Will ye show yer starn to a boozy ghost,  
When Flint don't walk — by day.  
I saw him dead wi' these 'ere headlights,  
I shovelled in some o' the sod.  
It was these 'ere hands as closed his eyes —  
Though they wouldn't stay shut, b' God!

But we weighted 'em down with gold doubloons  
(He'd always an eye for gold);  
An' we tied up his jaw with an old, red sash,  
When sartain sure he was cold;  
While the green parrot squawked around his face,  
An' pecked at his cold, blue lips,  
Cryin', "Pieces of eight!" But Flint was gone  
To beat up phantom ships!

— STEPHEN CHALMERS

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Out of the land of the ancient bards  
A wandering minstrel strayed;  
Courage and hope were the song he sang,  
And faith was the string he played.  
"I care not what the end," he cried,  
"So the road be fair and free;  
For the greater gift of life is his  
Who travels cheerily!"

Earth was his house and heaven his roof;  
Sun, moon, and stars his light;  
Voices of wind and wood and wave  
His music day and night.  
Over his clouds the lark sang still;  
And when the light was gone,  
Thrilling the dark of crouching doom,  
His nightingale sang on.

So let us be, as the minstrel sang,  
Of faith, and hope, and love,  
Though the snarling waters scowl beneath,  
And thunder rolls above.  
After the rain, the night of stars;  
After the night, the dawn;  
And that day goes down to a splendid death,  
Which lights another's morn!

— STEPHEN CHALMERS

SAINT R. L. S.

Sultry and brazen was the August day  
When Sister Stanislaus went down to see  
The little boy with the tuberculous knee.

And as she thought to find him, so he lay :  
Still staring, through the dizzy waves of heat,  
At the tall tenement across the street.

But did he see the dreary picture? Nay!  
In his mind's eye a sunlit harbor showed,  
Where a tall pirate ship at anchor rode.

Yes, he was full ten thousand miles away!  
The Sister, when she turned his pillow over,  
Kissed "Treasure Island" on its well-worn cover.

— SARAH N. CLEGHORN



## ON CERTAIN CRITICS OF STEVENSON

They call him "little master," parrot-wise,  
And praise his "style" with patronizing air;  
Find evidence of genius, "here and there" —  
The smug, damned critics with their alibis.  
Glutting the journals with their hackneyed drone;  
Like moths attracted to the candle's flame,  
Seeking reflected lustre from his name  
They impudently write below, their own.  
Standing beneath a sprig of mistletoe,  
Self-hung, and subtly labeled "R. L. S."  
They smirk, and coyly wait the blind caress  
Of Tribute's indiscriminate overflow. . . .  
But the great master, from his thronging shrine,  
Reveals no favour, manifests no sign.

— VINCENT STARRETT

## SAMOA AND R. L. S.

What if the bones of Stevenson  
    (As in the sight of an ancient Seer)  
Gathered themselves, and soon had won  
    Flesh and muscle and tailors' gear!  
What if Stevenson, thus arisen,  
    Out of the glooms of death came back,  
Finding Samoa his German prison  
    Rapturous under the Union Jack!

Wouldn't he hold his honest head  
    High and proud in the golden days?  
Wouldn't he love the man who said,  
    "Here is the flag and here it stays!"  
Wouldn't he write a wonderful tale  
    Celebrating the sudden fight  
After the Anzac's headlong sail?  
    Stevenson — who is dead to-night.

— JESSE EDGAR MIDDLETON

## THE TRAVELLERS

Favored am I with guests of fame  
Who pass not with the passing year,  
But still return to the ingle's glow  
Or the lamp's embracing cheer.

And first of these the jester quaint,  
Old Shandy of the Satyr smile  
And dropping tear that pardon claims  
For his page of honeyed guile.

The good man craves an hour of ease  
To spin the tale that lives for aye;  
Tho' I mislike the parson's leer,  
To Trim and Toby who'll say nay?

Now Yorick fades, and comes a knock  
That sets my pulses beating wild,  
For lo! there stands within the door  
The Muses' unforgotten child.

Ah, Heine! haste not on your way,  
Strange wreaths of pain the Gods intend you:  
Unwounded yet by Love and Fame,  
Stay, while the golden years befriend you!

He weaves his weird of song and speech  
That thrills the list'ning soul with wonder;  
Then swift departs — as tho' he heard  
On Brocken's height the thunder.

Deepens the night. I trim the lamp  
That often burns till dawning gray;  
When sudden from the outer dark  
There rings a challenge bold and gay.

Enters he like a prince, of right  
    (Not one to palter or to sue he!)

And all my best of love I lay  
    At the feet of Robert Louis.

Dashing and free and picturesque,  
    No wind of time has chilled him yet :  
In art our darling mousquetaire —  
    Romance and a cigarette!

. . . . .

After such guests who shall have leave  
    To win our grace with song and story? —  
Yes, one that now belated comes,  
    With no small meed of glory.

Richard! I would be young to-night :  
    Your philter quick! — without demur he  
Begins the spell, while magic airs  
    Blow to us out of Surrey.

I join with him th' eternal chase  
    Thro' peopled ways and sylvan places,  
While Beauty ever flies before —  
    Yet oft looks back with luring graces.

Ah! seeker of the Golden Girl,  
    What pranks you played me in that dream! —  
Methought a fortune fair was mine  
    At the Inn of the Singing Stream.

— MICHAEL MONAHAN

## A HOUSE IN SARANAC

There stands a house in Saranac  
Beside a shady way,  
That knew the tread of Stevenson  
In his little day,

And down its friendly corridors  
That gave him joy to see,  
The ready laugh of Stevenson  
Sounded merrily.

Though now his lonely bed is made  
Upon a far-off hill,  
The memory of Stevenson  
Dwells in it still;

And so because He loved the man  
Who roses gleaned from rue,  
God guards the house of Stevenson  
The long years through.

— GEORGE STEELE SEYMOUR

## THE PASSING OF LOUIS

He didn't wait for his laurel wreath;  
He didn't stay for the long applause.  
Someone called from a distant heath,  
And he slipped away from the House of Shaws. . .  
I think they met him along the road,  
And led the way to his new abode.

Perhaps a group of the roving kin,  
Smiling a welcome, strangely sweet,  
Were waiting there when the ship came in,  
And cheered, and hoisted him off his feet.  
Perhaps they carried him shoulder-high  
Who had journeyed "over the sea to Skye."

Somewhere along the highway then,  
The rest would tarry until he came —  
At the Friendly Inn of the Joyous Men,  
With its ringing glasses and hearth aflame.  
Yes, that was it! It was just that way:  
I think I must have been there, that day.

Ah, what a racket there must have been  
When *he* pushed open the swinging doors;  
What a burst of jovial, boisterous din,  
With steins on tables and heels on floors  
Beating and kicking away like mad! —  
That was a way those fellows had.

And there they sat who had gone before:  
Sir Walter loomed at the head, I think;  
And Fielding's thunder and Jonson's roar  
Probably made the goblets clink.  
The Reverend Laurence may have smiled,  
But I fancy his eyes were a trifle wild. . .

But vagabond Borrow uprose full proud  
And trolled a song of the road, I guess.  
No doubt the chorus was somewhat loud —  
There was none to cavil, and many to bless.  
And Stevenson's eyes were bright with tears,  
For this was the judgment of his peers.

I like to think of that lusty crew  
Rollicking there like happy boys;  
Singing the songs that gay dogs do,  
Scaring the Landlord with their noise —  
And Master Will, with a hearty smack,  
Slapping Louis upon the back.

And somewhere, too, in the haze of smoke,  
A little fellow, with eyes alert,  
Chuckles, as at a gorgeous joke,  
And weeps a little, as if it hurt. . .  
With a smile and a tear waits Alan Breck  
To hang an arm on his master's neck.

— VINCENT STARRETT

## ADVENTURING WITH R. L. S.

Treasure Island — dim and dark  
In the dim blue distance — hark,  
A call! And see — a sail!  
Pirates? Nay, too fragile-pale  
The dear captain of our bark.

Pale, yet smiling — Come, embark!  
There, beyond those poplars stark,  
Beckons, past the gleaming trail,  
Treasure Island!

What care we for hall and park,  
Castled splendors, cities? — Mark,  
How like silver-shimmering mail  
Stir the poplars — like a veil  
Lift the dimness and the dark —  
Treasure Island!

— ETHEL FEUERLICHT



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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In addition to the above acknowledgments, I wish especially to thank my friends, Dr. A. J. Marks of Toledo, O., and Mr. J. Christian Bay of Chicago, for invaluable assistance in bringing together the numerous Stevenson tributes herein contained, and Mrs. Luther S. Livingston of Cambridge, Mass., for a similar kindness.

*It is the intention of the editor to continue to collect verse-tributes to Robert Louis Stevenson, looking toward an enlarged edition of this anthology at some future date. Poets, or persons having in their possession poems not included in the present volume, are invited to send additional items to Vincent Starrett, 5611 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.*

## NOTES

More or less reference is made hereinafter to "Hammerton." The book referred to is *Stevensoniana*, edited by J. A. Hammerton, London, 1903; revised and enlarged edition, Edinburgh, 1910 — a mine of information for Stevenson enthusiasts.

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APPARITION (W. E. Henley) — This well-known sonnet commemorates Stevenson's first visit to Henley, "in hospital," in February, 1875. It has been reprinted *ad nauseam*, since its first appearance in print, in *A Book of Verses*, 1888.

"KIDNAPPED" (?) — From *Punch* (London), August 7, 1886. This appreciative jingle was one of a series of rhymed book reviews appearing weekly in *Punch* at that time. The general title of the department was "Paper-Knife Poems," with the additional line, "By Our Special Book-Marker."

TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (R. B. Wilson) — From *The Critic* (N. Y.), September 17, 1887. In Hammerton.

TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON ON HIS FIRST VISIT TO AMERICA (J. W. Riley) — Dated by its author "September 1887"; printed in the *New York World*, December 11, 1887. First collected in *Home Folks*, 1900; also in *The Lockerbie Book*, 1911, and *Complete Works*, 1913. In a note to this poem, in the latter, the editor, Edmund H. Eitel, Riley's nephew and biographer, says: "Mr. Riley found Stevenson's works particularly congenial reading."

TO R. L. S. (W. E. Henley) — From *A Book of Verses*, 1888. It will be noted that, despite its "memorial" tone, this poem was written in Stevenson's lifetime. R. L. S. died in 1894.

STEVENSON'S "UNDERWOODS" (E. M. Thomas) — From *The Century Magazine*, April, 1888.

DERELICT (Y. E. Allison) — Three stanzas of this vigorous chanty were written in 1891, and set to music by Henry Waller. The piece then was entitled "A Piratical Ballad"; it was published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., N. Y. Over the next six years, Mr. Allison revised and corrected and added, at various times, and the song was completed as now generally

known about 1897, although a few word changes have been made since. It has been reprinted many times; once, in 1901, by *The Rubric*, Chicago, with illustrations by J. C. Johansen. In 1914, the poem, the story of its adventures, and much delightful gossip of its author, appeared in a privately printed brochure, now extremely rare, written and published by Champion I. Hitchcock. The inception of "The Dead Men's Song," as it also has been called, was Allison's desire to round out to a satisfactory conclusion the four lines introduced by Stevenson into *Treasure Island*. The fifth verse usually is set in italics, as intended by the author, as a delicate intimation that the theme of a woman was foreign to the main idea, which he attempted to carry out as he believed Stevenson might have done. The present version contains its author's final revisions.

A BALLAD OF JOHN SILVER (J. Masfield) — From *Salt Water Ballads*, first published 1892-3; reprinted with additions, 1913.

TO PROSPERO IN SAMOA (Y. Y.) — From *The Bookman*, May, 1892. In Hammerton.

TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (A. Lang) — Dedication of *The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns, and Fairies*, by Robert Kirk, edited by Lang, London, 1893. Collected in *Ban and Arrière Ban*, 1894.

BALLANT O' BALLANTRAE (A. Lang) — From *Ban and Arrière Ban*, 1894. Probably written some little time previous to this publication. It is likely that Stevenson saw it in manuscript.

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF MR. STEVENSON'S "CATRIONA" (W. Watson) — From *Odes and Other Poems*, 1894. Possibly earlier than this date would suggest; "Catriona" was published in 1893. In Hammerton.

TO TUSITALA IN VAILIMA (E. Gosse) — This poem, dated "September 1894" by its author, reached Stevenson at Vailima three days before his death. It was the last piece of poetry read by him, and was the subject of the last letter he wrote on the last day of his life. The verses were read by Lloyd Osbourne at the funeral. First printed in *In Russet and Green*, 1894, of which volume it was the dedication; reprinted in Hammerton, and elsewhere.

GREETING (F. J. Cox) — First printed in *The Weekly Sun* (evidently a London journal), November 11, 1894. The poem was sent by its author to Stevenson, at Vailima, but R. L. S. died before it could reach him. Reprinted in Japp's *Robert Louis Stevenson: a Record, an Estimate, and a Memorial*, 1905.

R. L. S. (A. E. Housman) — From *The Academy*, December 22, 1894.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (J. Davidson) — From *The Illustrated London News*, December 22, 1894; reprinted in *The Critic* (N. Y.), Vol. 26.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (R. Garnett) — From *The Illustrated London News*, December 22, 1894; reprinted in *The Critic* (N. Y.), Vol. 26. It was reprinted and altered in *The Queen and Other Poems*, 1901. The present version is the revised one. The original version, which appears in Hammerton, is as follows:

Wondrous as though a star with twofold light  
Should fill her lamp for either hemisphere,  
Piercing cold skies with scintillation clear,  
And glowing on the sultry southern night;  
Was miracle of him who could unite  
Pine and the purple harbour of the deer  
With palm-plumed islets that sequestered hear  
The far-off wave their zoning coral smite.

Still roars the surf, still bounds the wave, but where  
Is one to see, and hear, and tell again?  
As dancers pause on an arrested air  
Fail the fast-thronging figures of the brain;  
And shapes unshapely huddle in dim lair,  
Awaiting ripe vitality in vain.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: AN ELEGY (R. LeGallienne) — First printed in *The Daily Chronicle* (London), December 25, 1894; reprinted in *The Birmingham Gazette*, December 26, 1894, and probably in other journals. Collected in *Robert Louis Stevenson: An Elegy, and Other Poems Mainly Personal*, 1895.

SCOTLAND'S LAMENT (J. M. Barrie) — From *The Bookman*, January, 1895; reprinted in *McClure's Magazine*, February, 1895.

HOME FROM THE HILL (W. R. Nicoll) — From *Blackwood's Magazine*, February, 1895. The "text" is from Stevenson's famous "Requiem." In Hammerton.

I. M., R. L. S. (W. E. Henley) — Dated "February 1891" in all editions of Henley's poems that I have seen. Did Henley write his memorial in advance of the subject's death? Or was it written originally for another occasion? I find no specific mention of the poem in any of the books I have consulted. From *Poems*, 1898.

R. L. S., IN MEMORIAM (A. C. R.) — The date of this sonnet does not appear. It may have been first printed in Japp's *Robert Louis Stevenson* (1905), from which it is here taken; but obviously it was written shortly after Stevenson's death.

VALEDICTION (L. I. Guiney) — First printed in *The Century Magazine*, March, 1895. Reprinted in *Robert Louis Stevenson: A Study by A. B., with a Prelude and a Postlude by L. I. G.*, issued for private distribution by Copeland and Day, in May, 1895, in an edition of 250 copies. A. B. was Alice Brown.

FOR R. L. S. ON VAEA TOP (L. I. Guiney) — First printed in *Robert Louis Stevenson*, etc. See above.

IN MEMORIAM STEVENSON (O. Wister) — From *The Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1895. In Hammerton.

TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (B. Porter) — From *The Lark*, June, 1895. In Hammerton.

A GRAVE IN SAMOA (J. Macfarlane) — Where this was first printed does not appear. I take it from *Every Day in the Year*, edited by James L. and Mary K. Ford, 1914, where the poem stands without date or publication credit. An artist signing himself J. Macfarlane illustrated an article on the Samoan Islands in *Harper's Magazine* for September, 1897, and possibly he is the author of our poem.

TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (H. K. Viele) — From *Every Day in the Year*; see above.

A SAMOAN LAMENT (Native) — I do not know what the title of this song may be, or whether it has a title. Isobel Osbourne Strong, in the *Century Magazine*, November, 1895, says: "There are many songs about Tusitala, as Mr. Stevenson was called in the islands — rousing boat songs, when the paddles all beat time, and the handles are clicked against the sides of the canoe to the rhythm of his name. . . In rowing Mr. Stevenson out to meet a passenger ship I have heard the boatmen keep time to '*Tusitala ma Aolele*' (Aolele is Mrs. Stevenson's native name, meaning "Beautiful as a flying cloud"). . . Then there are the dancing songs about Mr. Stevenson, depicting life at Vailima, which might be called topical, as they generally touched upon the small incidents of plantation life. These were composed by some servant or workman on the place. . . Other songs are long chants, with innumerable verses descriptive of Tusitala's wisdom, his house, his friendship for the natives, and his love for Samoa. One of those may be called the 'Song of the Roof-Iron,' or 'The Meeting of Tusitala and the Men of Vaie'e.' . . . The most beautiful of the songs are those that were composed in memory of Mr. Stevenson, and sung at Vailima after his death. One, referring to the steadfast loyalty of Mr. Stevenson to the High Chief of Mataafa, through peace and war, victory and defeat, has for its refrain:

*Once Tusitala's friend,  
Always Tusitala's friend.*

Another describes a Samoan searching among the white people for one as good and kind as Tusitala." The song given here is the only one reproduced in a full English translation by Mrs. Strong — and possibly this is incomplete.

A SEAMARK (B. Carman) — Published separately in 1895, by Copeland

and Day; reprinted in *By the Aurelian Wall and Other Elegies*, 1898. In *Ballads and Lyrics*, London, 1902.

ON BEING ASKED FOR A SONG (R. W. Gilder) — From *The Poems of Richard Watson Gilder*, 1908. Probably sent to Isobel O. Strong, as indicated, about 1895.

IN MEMORIAM, R. L. STEVENSON (M. Armour) — From *The Home and Early Haunts of Robert Louis Stevenson*, W. H. White & Co., Edinburgh, 1895. The quoted lines used by the author as a text, are the last two lines of Stevenson's "Home no more home to me," first printed in 1889 and collected in *Songs of Travel*, 1896.

AT THE ROAD-HOUSE (B. Carman) — From *More Songs From Vagabondia*, 1895.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (F. Smith) — From *A Chest of Viols*, 1896, privately printed by Sherrat and Hughes, Manchester, England. Mr. Smith was an English gentleman of means, a resident of Manchester, and the owner of a famous collection of old violins. He died, I am informed, "three or four years ago."

ON A YOUTHFUL PORTRAIT OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (J. W. Riley) — Written about September, 1897, and printed with the portrait described, in *Scribner's Magazine*, December, 1897. Collected in *Home Folks*, 1900. Also in *The Lockerbie Book*, 1911, and *Complete Works*, 1913. Hammerton reprints it, and uses the portrait described as a frontispiece to his volume.

THE WORD OF THE WATER (B. Carman) — Written in 1897. From *By the Aurelian Wall, and Other Elegies*, 1898. The Stevenson Fountain, a granite shaft surmounted by a bronze galleon, was unveiled in Portsmouth Square, San Francisco, October 17, 1897. On its front are the words, "To Remember Robert Louis Stevenson," and a passage from Stevenson's *Christmas Sermon*.

THE LAST PORTRAIT IN STEVENSON'S GALLERY (?) — First printed in *The St. James Gazette* (London); reprinted in *McClure's Magazine*, January, 1898.

THE ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON MEMORIAL IN PORTSMOUTH SQUARE (F. W. Carpenter) — From *Verses From Many Lands*, Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, no date.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (E. Carleton) — From *The Chap-Book*, February 15, 1898.

(INSCRIPTION) — From *The Criterion*, October 21, 1899, where it is credited to *The Irish Independent*. The note states that the inscription is on a memorial stone that "has been placed to mark the lodging in which Stevenson lived at Anstruther Fife, while assistant engineer at

Anstruther Harbor. The stone was placed on the west front of Cunzie House, or, as Stevenson wrote it, 'Kenzie House,' by Miss Lorimer, Kellie Castle, and a few friends."

STEVENSON OF THE LETTERS (B. P. Neuman) — From *The Spectator*, January 27, 1900; reprinted in *Littell's Living Age*, March 17, 1900. In Hammerton.

"TUSITALA" (P. T. M.) — From *The Book Buyer*, February, 1900, where it appeared with the following note: "A subscriber writes that she has read Mr. Low's review of *Stevenson's Letters* with so much pleasure that she wishes every reader of *The Book Buyer* to see a poem which she has clipped from 'a daily paper' — she gives no more definite credit."

TO STEVENSON (G. W. Hazard) — From *The Independent*, August 16, 1900. Miss Hazard is now well known as Grace Hazard Conkling.

A TOAST TO TUSITALA (B. Carman) — From *Reedy's Mirror*, November, 1900.

TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (R. Burton) — From *The Century Magazine*, December, 1900.

STEVENSON'S BIRTHDAY (K. Miller) — From *An American Anthology*, edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman, 1900, where it appears without date or publication credit. The poem is based on an actual occurrence in the early life of Adelaide Ide; Stevenson's letter to the young person, who was born on February 29, is famous. The author of the poem is Katherine (Wise) Miller, daughter of Com. Henry A. Wise, U.S.N., and wife of Com. J. W. Miller, U.S.N.R. She was born at Spezia, Italy, 18—.

R. L. S. IN MEMORIAM (A. Dobson) — Dedication of the New Century Number of *The Student*, issued by the Students' Representative Council, University of Edinburgh, January, 1901. Reprinted in *Littell's Living Age*, May 25, 1901. Collected in *Carmina Votiva and Other Occasional Verses*, printed for private circulation, 1901. In Hammerton, and probably elsewhere.

R. L. STEVENSON (C. P. Nettleton) — From *The Book-Lover*, March-April, 1901.

STEVENSON-NICHOLSON (C. de Fornaro) — From *The Critic* (N. Y.), June, 1901, where it appears with a caricature of Stevenson, "à la Nicholson," by C. de Fornaro, who may have and probably did write the verses.

AT THE STEVENSON FOUNTAIN (W. Irwin) — From *The Rubric*, July, 1901.

TO R. L. S. (C. W. Collins) — From *The Book Buyer*, December, 1901.



TO R. L. S. (A. Austin) — From *A Tale of True Love and Other Poems*, 1902.

THE BURIAL OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AT SAMOA (F. E. Coates) — From *The Book-Lover*, November-December, 1902.

ON A PORTRAIT OF "R. L. S." THE INVALID (A Stringer) — From *The Bookman*, June, 1903.

TO STEVENSON (C. Keeler) — From the *Impressions Quarterly*, December, 1904.

TUSITALA: TELLER OF TALES (M. H. Krout) — From *The Reader's Magazine*, September, 1905.

R. L. S. (A Johnstone) — From *Recollections of Robert Louis Stevenson in the Pacific*, Chatto & Windus, London, 1905.

STEVENSON (G. E. Montgomery) — From *The Pall Mall Magazine*, February, 1908.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (L. W. Reese) — From *The Mosher Books*, a catalogue, 1908; reprinted in *A Quiet Road*, Mosher, 1916.

THOUGHT OF STEVENSON (A. Upson) — From *The Bibelot*, March, 1909.

LEGEND OF PORTSMOUTH SQUARE (W. O. McGeeham) — Read at the Stevenson Fellowship Banquet in San Francisco, November 13, 1909. From *Robert Louis Stevenson in California*, by Katharine D. Osbourne, 1911.

TOASTS IN A LIBRARY (?) — From *The Mosher Books*, a catalogue, 1909. The reference to Stevenson begins with the last line of the penultimate stanza and continues to the end.

R. L. S. (E. Gosse) — From *Collected Poems*, 1911. Written some years before, in all probability.

PARAPHRASE: TO TRAVEL HOPEFULLY, etc. (F. Smith) — Written in 1910, and printed here for the first time.

R. L. S., ON READING *Travels With a Donkey* (F. Smith) — Written about 1910. Printed here for the first time.

"TREASURE ISLAND" (B. L. Taylor) — First printed in *The Chicago Tribune*; reprinted in *A Line-o'-Verse or Two*, 1911.

TREASURE ISLAND (P. Chalmers) — First printed in *Punch* (London); reprinted in *Littell's Living Age*, Aug. 5, 1911. Collected in *Green Days and Blue Days*, 1914.

THE OLD VAQUERO REMEMBERS ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (R. Rogers) — From *Lyrics, Songs and Idylls*, 1912.

AT THE ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON FOUNTAIN (J. N. Hilliard) — From *Sunset*, November, 1912.

LONG JOHN SILVER (V. Starrett) — This sonnet appears here for the first time in print. It was written in 1913.

TO R. L. S. (R. R. Greenwood) — From *The Overland Monthly*, December, 1913.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (E. T. Scheffauer) — From *The Book News Monthly*,— 1914; reprinted in *The Literary Digest*, September 19, 1914.

TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (E. C. Litsey) — From *Spindrift*, Louisville, Ky., 1915.

FRIEND O' MINE (S. Chalmers) — From *The Medical Pickwick*, Vol. I, No. 1, 1915.

THE DEATH OF FLINT (S. Chalmers) — First printed in the *New York Times*.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (S. Chalmers) — From *Munsey's Magazine*, May, 1916.

SAINT R. L. S. (S. N. Cleghorn) — From *Portraits and Protests*, 1917.

ON CERTAIN CRITICS OF STEVENSON (V. Starrett) — Written in 1917, this sonnet is here for the first time printed.

SAMOA AND R. L. S. (J. E. Middleton) — From *Sea Dogs and Men at Arms*, 1918.

THE TRAVELLERS (M. Monahan) — From the Sun Dial column of the *New York Evening Sun*, August 20, 1919.

A HOUSE IN SARANAC (G. S. Seymour) — Appears for the first time in this volume. Written in 1919.

THE PASSING OF LOUIS (V. Starrett) — Written for this volume, October 1919, and here first printed.

ADVENTURING WITH R. L. S. (E. Feuerlicht) — Appears here for the first time in print.







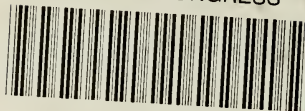
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